



ANOTHER BABY BORN

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



*Everywhere
Why?*



FIFTEEN
CENTS

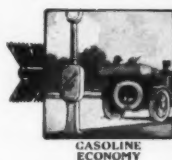
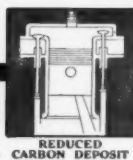
Made of 17 varieties of pure
Turkish tobaccos.

Greatest selling high-grade
cigarette in America.

Guaranteed by the whole
nation's verdict.

Shargyros
MAKERS OF THE HIGHEST GRADE TURKISH
AND EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

Motor Efficiency

GASOLINE
ECONOMYREDUCED
CARBON DEPOSITINCREASED
POWERGREATER OIL
MILEAGE

Worth
how
much?

Motor efficiency depends largely upon lubricating efficiency and that means:

Reduced carbon deposit.

More mileage from your gasoline.

More mileage from your lubricating oil.

Increased power.

There is only one way to experience for yourself the benefits from a really scientific lubricant. That is—*use it.*

A simple test should convince you.

The Lubricating Chart at the right which represents our professional advice, has for a number of years been the standard guide to scientific automobile lubrication. Opposite your car you will find specified the correct oil for your motor.



Mobiloids

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloids from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY - Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit New York Philadelphia Minneapolis Boston Chicago Indianapolis Pittsburgh Kansas City

That oil was specified for your motor after a careful scientific analysis of its lubricating requirements by the Vacuum Oil Company.

If your car is not listed, a copy of our complete Lubricating Chart will be sent on request.

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than \$1.00 to fill your crank-case with the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloids specified for your car.

The garage or dealer you trade with has it, or can promptly secure it for you.

Ask him to empty your crank-case of its present oil and fill it with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloids.

You can then judge for yourself the results in—increased power, reduced carbon deposit, gasoline economy, reduced oil consumption.

Is it not worth this nominal expenditure for you to discover for yourself these continuous benefits from using the oil specified for your car by a company whose unquestioned standing in engineering circles is world-wide?

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation:—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloids, for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloid "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloid "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloid "C"
Gargoyle Mobiloid "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloid that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloid "A," "Arctic" means Gargoyle Mobiloid "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910	1911	1912	1913	1914
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Autocar (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Avery (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Briscoe (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Buick (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Cadillac (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (Model 6-40)	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase (4 cyl.)	B	B	B	B	B
Chevrolet (4 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Cummins (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
DeLaunay-Belleville	B	B	B	B	B
Detroit (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Empire (8 cyl.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat (8 cyl.)	B	B	B	B	B
Ford (8 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Super Six	A	A	A	A	A
Humphreys (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
I. H. C. (8 cyl.)	B	B	B	B	B
(water, 2 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A
(water, 4 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A
Jackson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Jeffery (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
(Chesterfield)	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
Kinsell Kai	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
(Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A
Knox (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
(Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A
Locomotive	E	E	E	E	E
Lozier (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Marion (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Mercer (22-70)	A	A	A	A	A
(22-70)	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Moline (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Knights	A	A	A	A	A
Moon (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
(6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
National (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Overland (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6-40)	A	A	A	A	A
(6-40 & 38)	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A
Com'l.	A	A	A	A	A
Premier (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Regal (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Richmond (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Saxon (8 cyl.)	E	E	E	E	E
Selden (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns Knight (8 cyl.)	B	B	B	B	B
Stevens Duryea	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Veter (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
(6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
White (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A
Willys Knight	B	B	B	B	B
Winton (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A

Electric Vehicles:—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloid "A" the year around. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloid "C" the year around. Exception—For winter lubrication of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloid "Arctic" for worm drive and Gargoyle Mobiloid "A" for bevel gear drive.



Coming!

The future will be revealed to all next week. Nothing will be omitted which is important to know. In case you would rather not know, avoid the next or

Prophetic Number of

Life

News

The winner of the one-thousand-dollar prize in LIFE's Short Story Contest, recently concluded, may now be reading these lines. We do not know who he or she is. But we confidently expect to be able to make this announcement in the Easter Number of LIFE, price 25 cents, coming the first week in April.



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 37 West 31st Street, New York. 26

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

Save Gas

The It's mile tant. gaso the bur worl

New

Fill in an larg STORON Name of State Address City

They always work



That's the joy of having your shades mounted on Hartshorn Improved Rollers. With Hartshorn Rollers your shades move quietly, at a touch, and stay right where you want them; with other rollers—well you never know. Hartshorn Rollers cost but a few cents more than the poorest rollers made.

FREE Send for valuable book "How to get the Best Service from your Shade Rollers." You'll find it pays to look when you buy shade rollers for this signature:

Stewart Hartshorn

Stewart Hartshorn Co., Dept. 30, E. Newark, N. J.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

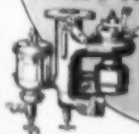
Which One Are You?

THE people of this world are divided into two classes—the inspired and the uninspired. When you become inspired nothing more can be done about you; persuasion, entreaty, adversity, the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and, in fact, all the legitimate and illegitimate things that may happen to a human being are of no avail against you. You are inspired and that settles the matter. The world can blow up, the stars can change their courses, the sun can go out—it's all one and the same.

The uninspired are, mostly, the rest of the world. You can watch them from any window on Broadway or the Champs Elysées; you can also see them in Piccadilly and in Shephard's Hotel in Cairo. They are not infrequently among the members of your immediate family. Uninspired people are only irritating when you come in contact with them. They produce no sound. You can hammer an uninspired person with

Save On Your Gasoline Bills

The price of gasoline is up! It's going higher! Maximum mileage is now doubly important. Beat the high price of gasoline—equip your car with the New Stromberg—the Carburetor that has won official world's records in economy, power, speed, acceleration and service. Mail the coupon for reports of these records.



New **STROMBERG** Does it!
CARBURETOR

Fill in and mail this coupon for proof of New Stromberg easy starting, speed, power, and economy.
STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO., Dept. B, 64 East 256 St., Chicago, Ill.

Name of my car..... Model..... Year.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

DENBY ID FOR TRAIL OR PAVEMENT ID DENBY



DENBY

Illustrations show part of a fleet of Denby trucks in Parcel Post Service, New York City.

If you are as thorough in your investigation as we are in our construction, your truck will be a Denby.

Denby frame—for instance.

Sturdier, more generously dimensioned, wider flanges, deeper channel face—made to carry the load with confidence—inspiring ease and permanence.

Just one of a hundred points of superiority in Denby construction.

Four models, with body and chassis modifications to fit any business.

¾-ton (with open express body)	\$ 890
1 ton (chassis only)	1475
1½ ton (chassis only)	1685
2 tons (chassis only)	1985

You will find your local Denbyman exceptionally well-informed on delivery problems.

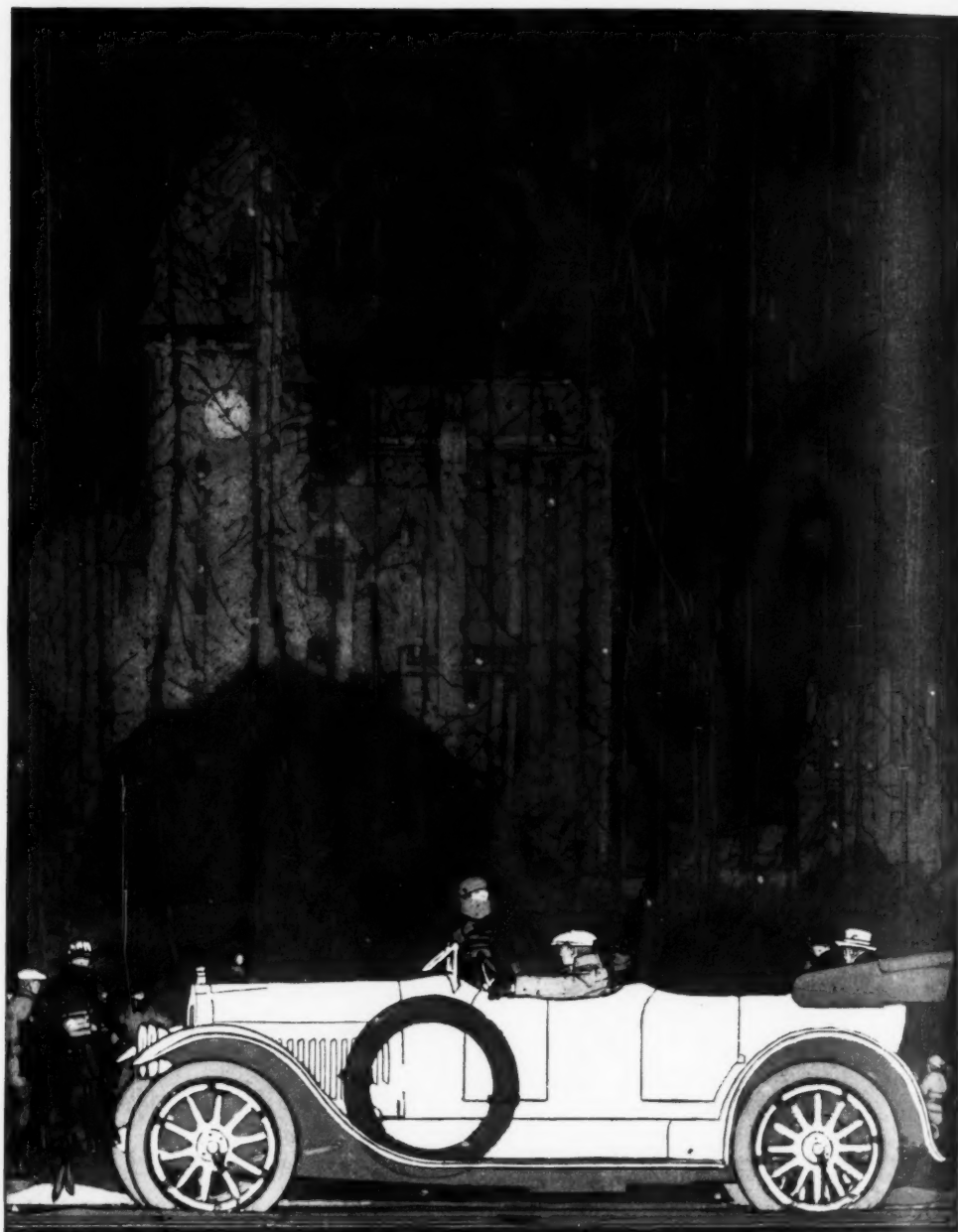
DENBY MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY

405 Holbrook Ave.

Detroit, Mich.



DENBY ID FOR TRAIL OR PAVEMENT ID DENBY



White

Motor Cars



The difference between the best medium grade motor car and a White can not be put into words. It is a matter of sensible impression and of actual experience; the difference between a substantial piece of furniture produced in quantities at a price and the deftly fashioned product of a craftsman unhampered by limitations. The style and quality of a White are immediately apparent to even the casual observer, and they grow more marked with years of use.

THE WHITE COMPANY

Cleveland, Ohio.



Life



Progress

"NAVAL officers are likely to get promoted pretty quick now, aren't they?"

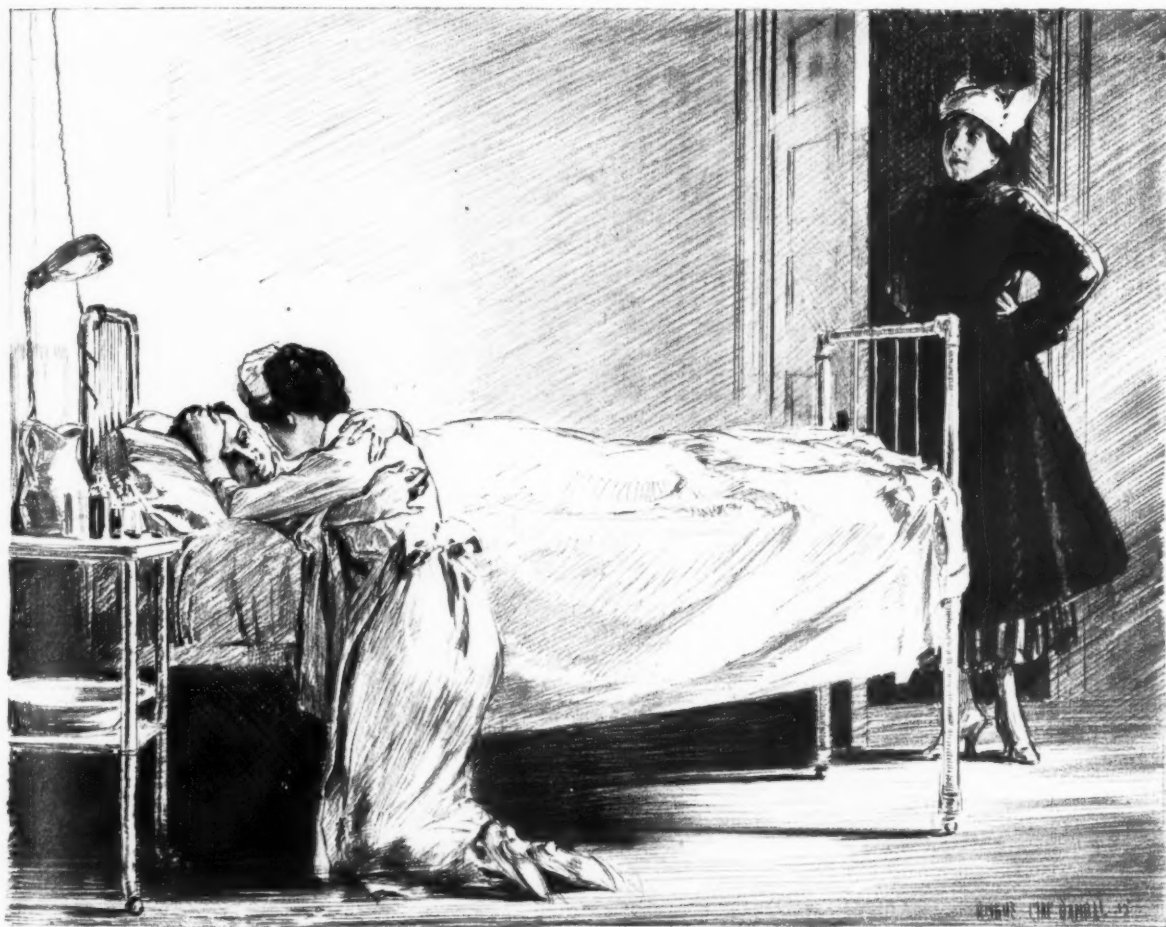
"Dear me, yes. Why, you get to be a captain now in only about fifty years."

His Specialty

HOKUS: Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected.

POKUS: What is he doing now?

HOKUS: Writing essays on the decline of the drama.



COMPLICATIONS

United States

UNITED—for what? To extort and oppress?

To fatten Big Business and worship the dollar?

To coin the need of a world in distress?

To rail at the preacher and scoff at the scholar?

United—to fill up a plundering bag,
To mock at the ages and grasp at the minute?

To haggle and cozen, to bluster and brag,

And juggle with honor for what there is in it?

Forbid it, wise and kindly Fates!

Not thus are we United States.

United—ah, brothers, united for what?

To set up a buzzard in place of an eagle?

Unkindly to covet and craftily plot,
The smaller to snare and the weak to inveigle?

United—to conquer the rest of the world?

In fetters of golden dominion to bind them,

Our banner of glory disgracefully furred,

And liberty's light only shining to blind them?

Pray God that no such doom awaits

To damn these fair United States.

United—ah, thus we interpret the name—

United for freedom's unbounded extension,

For progress united, for knowledge aflame,

For permanent peace and the end of contention.

United for brotherhood wide as the earth,

For brotherly sacrifice, brotherly caring,

United to purchase the infinite worth,
United for manly and generous daring.

Be this the future that awaits

Our brotherly United States.

Amos R. Wells.

Child Recreation in Darkest Alabama

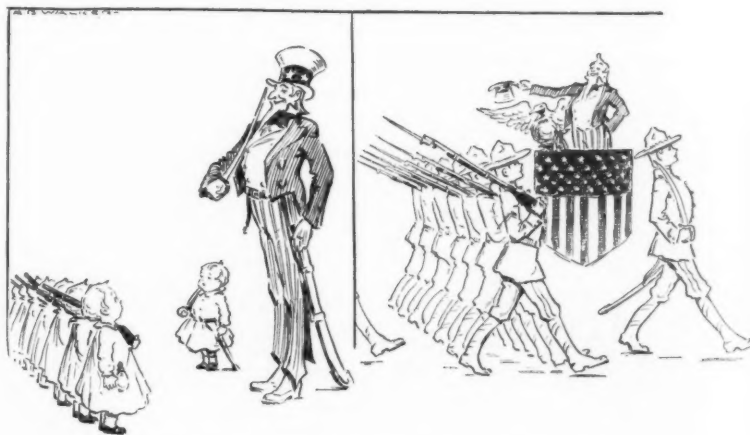
A CHILD of thirteen, that has been to school eight weeks in the year, may have the privilege of joyous play from six to six each day—except Sunday—in mills where the temperature must be kept steadily *hot* and *moist* to prevent the threads breaking, and where the music of the machinery is so loud that intercommunication except by signs is nearly impossible. Grown adults of sixteen need not have been in school more than four weeks. Fully developed men and women of eighteen naturally do not require the irksome fatigue of schooling in order to entitle them to the delights and pleasurable excitement of the mills, with the additional privilege of breathing cotton lint into their robust lungs.

In a highly civilized city, a correspondent writes us he recently saw in one of these beneficent institutions numbers of children who had evidently played too hard at their looms. They were absurdly pale, shrunken, emaciated and hollow-chested. Children in their enthusiasm often frolic too long and too energetically among the fascinating machinery (so interesting to children), as it now and then catches them and breaks a leg or an arm—impedes the machine in winding yarn—sends the child to the hospital, and prevents it from playing about for a long time—if ever again.

The glance of a happy child at play in the mill is amusingly like that of a very old, old person who knows that life is, after all, but a joke. Even the older women of twenty whose lungs are by this time softly covered with a delicate and soothing lining of lint, and whose playtime of life they realize is nearly over, have not quite the foolish, haggard and hopeless look of the merry children. They seem more serious and content (for they *know* they have been playing too long and hard)—content to end it soon.

Our correspondent adds that the manager of the mill volunteered the information that the mills in small villages were more profitable than those in large cities because "the help was more easily controlled"—and the inference was that in rural communities the kind and indulgent owners were not hampered by the embarrassment of age limits.

Children are paid for twelve hours of wholesome play in the mills (sometimes, in summer, at 110 degrees) in accordance with their years. It can, therefore, readily be seen that the younger children can attend the jennys at proportionally smaller wage—and a babe of ten years need hardly be paid much real money at all for allowing it to be kept in the pleasant and alluring surroundings of the whirling shuttles.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO"



LEAP YEAR

"I SAY, TOM—ER—TOM—COULD I HAVE THE REFUSAL OF YOU THIS YEAR?"

A Proper Protest

DR. RICHARD C. CABOT—of the famous Cabot family—has been getting himself disliked with the Dorset Medical Society, which has registered a protest against his opinion of doctors. Among other things, Dr. Cabot alludes admiringly to Bernard Shaw's criticisms as follow:

1. Doctors perform unnecessary operations and manufacture and prolong lucrative illnesses.
2. Most doctors have no honor and no conscience.
3. Medical science is very little different from common cure-mongering witchcraft.
4. Every doctor will allow a whole community to die rather than violate the professional etiquette of telling his colleagues he has blundered.

5. Doctors are hideously poor. The healthier the world becomes the more they are compelled to live by imposture.

6. The rank and file of the doctors are no more scientific than the tailors.

7. The medical profession is coming more than ever to represent desperate and embittered anti-science.

How It Happened

EDITOR: I am told that in your account of that fashionable wedding you actually mentioned the groom's name. Don't you know that is contrary to custom?

REPORTER: Yes; I'm sorry, sir, but you see it happened to creep in among the out-of-town guests.

The Individual

THE individual is one who trudges through life dragging after him the fond delusion that the government works for his good.

No governments work for the good of the individual. Some governing bodies consider the individual as naught, except as he is worked for the good of the government. Some governing bodies maintain that working the individual for the good of the state reacts to the greatest good of the individual. Some governments consider that working the individual for the good of the state and the resultant reaction which so benefits the individual, cause him to be more fit to be worked for the greatest good of the state.

Unhyphenated

"WHAT nationality are you?"

I asked a foreign-looking man;
And he replied, quite proudly, too:
"Ich bin ein goot Ameerigan."

I met another down the street
Who answered with a cheerful grin
When I my question did repeat:
"Be gobs, and Oi'm Amarikin!"

To one who loitered near the spot
I put the query once again,
And here's the answer that I got:
"Aye bane a gude Amerakain."

Still farther on I chanced to see
A swarthy man who stood alone.
"Da nationale?" responded he,
"I gooda da Amahrigone."

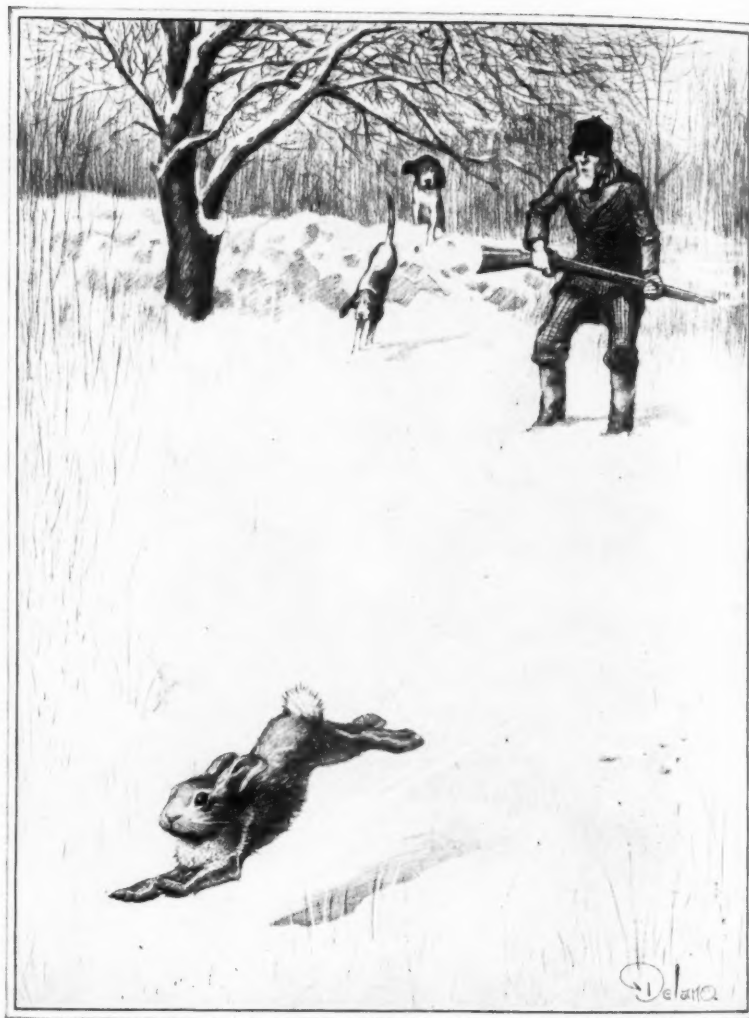
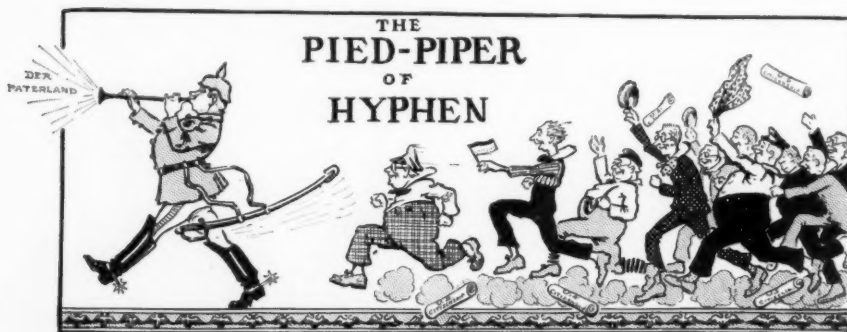
I met a lonesome-looking guy.
"What breed are you?" I asked him
straight.
"I hardly know," he made reply,
"My dad was raised in old York
State."

Walter G. Doty.

War Note

PHILADELPHIA, February 23rd:
Yesterday Mr. O. Wister smashed
a Washington's Birthday poem on Mr.
W. Wilson's head. To-day replies in
kind (in verse) begin to appear in the
Ledger and other papers, and the car-
nage is very distressing. So far as
known, Dr. Wilson was not hurt.

ST. PETER: Yes, madam, this is Heaven—with milk and honey blest.
NEW ARRIVAL: I must consult my diet list.



"THESE HIND LEGS OF MINE CERTAINLY DO BRING ME LUCK"

Classified Women

A CERTAIN variety of these curious modern women will tell you that they like children so much that they are thinking of adopting one or two but that they "cannot be bothered with having a man around"; it is much more a usual type, however, that prefers a man around but cannot be bothered with children; quite a proportion have no use for either a man or children; careful observers claim that there are still left a few women who like both the man and the children.



The Secretary of the Navy: NOW, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

The Last Meeting

THE gods were sitting in council on high Olympus.

Jupiter rose from his armchair at the head of the mahogany table and placed his hand gently on the shoulder of Mars, the burly War-God.

"My boy," he urged, "reconsider your resignation from this august assemblage, I beg. We shall miss you from our councils. If it's a question of a bigger salary, I don't see why we can't reach some satisfactory arrangement."

"No!" bellowed Mars defiantly. "I'm *through*! I spent a week-end on some of my old battlefields recently, and the things which I saw down there made me fairly ill!"

"I hear that the mortals have manufactured contrivances of wood and canvas and steel which have broken my records for altitude, distance and endurance," interrupted Mercury, petulantly rustling the wings on his sandals.

"Mercury," replied Mars impressively, "if you got into a race with one of those new-fangled aeroplanes, I wouldn't bet a quart bottle of sour nectar that you would be within sight of it at the finish!"

Jupiter's face darkened, and he clutched his thunderbolts threateningly. "Let them beware," he rumbled. "If they play any tricks on the Messenger of the Gods, I'll crush them to a jelly!"

Mars snorted. "You'll do great things, Jupiter," he replied. "You're too far behind the times. Your thunderbolts only have a range of three miles; but some of these new war-machines can hurl thunderbolts five times as destructive as yours, and hurl them five times as far."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Jupiter indignantly.

"I don't care whether you do or not," growled Mars. "I tell you I saw the battlegrounds. Great bare fields, desolate and reeking with horrid odors. No more romance; no more glory! Men living like vermin, in holes in the earth. Filth and squalor; unseen enemies and unseen death; brutality and unclean agencies. I tell you, it made me ashamed of myself and of my profession. I'm through: that's all there is to it!"

Vulcan tapped the carpet thoughtfully with his sledgehammer. "What do you intend to do, Mars?" he asked.

"I'm going to America!" said Mars. "There ought to be an opening for me in a munition factory over there. I hear that America is going to arm itself so thoroughly that it can never be warred upon."

For a time the gods brooded over his words, while he made ready for his departure. Finally Jupiter clasped him affectionately by the hand. "I guess you're right, my boy," he sighed. "Our old stamping-grounds are getting too rotten for us. Go with our blessings, and—er—er—um—"

"Yes," prompted Mars helpfully.

"Well," stammered Jupiter, "if you run into a job that I might like over there, drop me a line, will you?"

"Me, too!" shouted Vulcan. "Cable me, collect!"

And from the eager chorus which followed hard upon Vulcan's words, Mars knew that not many weeks would elapse before his fellow gods joined him in America.

K. L. Roberts.

Echo

SPRING is melodious o'er all the earth.

I hear her liquid accents on the breeze,
Her silver summons in the river's flow.
Across the greening shadows of the hills
The music drifts like sunshine—and behold,
The golden crocuses lie all aflame
With the remembered melody of birth.

Leolyn Louise Everett.

Should Congress Be Investigated?

OUR forefathers expected a great deal of Congress. Has that expectation been realized, and if not, would it be worth Congress's while to look into the matter?

Introspection, if not indulged in to excess, is quite apt to be beneficial. Now that Congress has investigated everything else beneath the celestial dome, and has more information at its beck than any other similar body before or since, why wouldn't it be a good notion for Congress to find out about itself, to subject itself to a relentless and exhaustive investigation?

Such an investigation would be expected to show whether Congress is actually fitting into the modern scheme of things with the requisite absence of friction; whether, having corralled all the aforementioned information, it is making the proper use of it, and whether this great body can be relied on in the future to keep abreast of progress. If Congress is all that our forefathers intended, we ought to know it. On the other hand, if Congress is merely a device for wasting the time of some six hundred excellent men, then we ought to know that also.



SECOND SIGHT



Of Certain Irish Fairies

THE Leprechaun,—the omadhaun!—that lives in County Clare,
Is one foot wide and three foot high without an inch to spare.
He winks the sea blue eye of him, like other saucy rogues,
And underneath the blackthorn bush he sits to clout his brogues.
Then, if you catch the Leprechaun and never loose your hold,
He's bound to show you where he's hid a pot of yellow gold,
And give you, too, a fairy purse with tassels down the end,
That's never bare, but always full, no matter what you spend.
'Tis I would catch the Leprechaun;—and then what would I do?
I'd take the yellow gold, machree, and give it all to you!

The Cluricawne of Monaghan is mighty seldom seen;
He wears a crimson swallow-tail, a vest of apple green
And shiny shoes with buckles, too, and silver ones at that,
And on his curly head, askew he claps a steeple-hat.
'Tis I would catch the Cluricawne;—and why? Because he knows
The only spot in Erin where the four-leafed shamrock grows,—
The shamrock that the fairies tend, that does not grow from seed;
'Twill bring you health and wealth and love—though 'tis not love you
need,—
And ribbons, laces, brooches, rings, or anything you name.
So when I've caught the Cluricawne, 'tis you shall have the same.

The Leprechaun and Cluricawne are clever little men,
Yet will I catch them, by and by; but need we wait till then?
My breast is warm to nestle you, my arms are strong to hold,
Our youth is richer spending-stuff than any elfin gold,
My heart it is a fairy purse of wealth without an end,
That's brimming full of love for you, no matter what you spend.
"And what's the shamrock, then?" say you. What else, for me, indeed,
But you!—since if I have yourself, there's nothing more I'll need.
And by St. Patrick's kettledrum that drove the snakes below,
I'll catch you, like the Leprechaun, but never let you go!

Arthur Guiterman.



The Only Case on Record

"THERE is nothing the matter with me," I said feebly. My wife smiled. I knew that particular smile. It meant business.

"Your face is flushed," said my wife. "You have lost weight. You must see Doctor Pinkers in thirty minutes. Here is the appointment card. I've made all the arrangements."

I began to put out my front fins and back water rapidly.

"Pinkers," I said. "Never heard of him. I won't go!" I always said that before I did something my wife wanted me to do and that I didn't want to do.

"Never heard of Pinkers, the most eminent specialist in the world?" said my wife. "Well, don't show your ignorance. Come!" She bundled me into the car. I arrived at the doctor's office. I waited for an hour and a quarter. Then I was ushered in and faced the great man. He placed my chair where the light would fall full on my face, just as those dear old souls used to do during the Spanish Inquisition. He put down my identification record in a card index system as if I were already dead and buried, and then said quietly and pleasantly:

"What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

There was a discreet pause. Why he believed me I do not know. Perhaps he had some secret electric instrument that recorded the truth. He tapped on the desk thoughtfully with his pencil for a while. He was plainly nervous. My condition evidently alarmed him.

"How long have you been this way?" he asked with what I thought a perceptible tremor in his voice.

"I don't remember. It came on gradually. I used to be a fair invalid."

"Oh!" He consulted a paper in a handwriting that I recognized.

"Your wife says," he went on, "that you have lost weight and that your face is flushed."

"Yes. I stopped eating."

"What did you do that for?"

"Well, I wasn't hungry."

"Why weren't you hungry?"

"I've been playing golf. That's what gave me the flush; and I never eat much when I exercise. That, I believe,

is a sign of perfect health. I was a trifle overweight anyway. Nothing extensive, you understand—"

He was too preoccupied to follow me.

Then came the examination, complete in all its details and leaving naught to be desired. At its conclusion he shook his head, quite dubiously.

"You are right," he muttered.

"Most extraordinary, most unusual case I ever had. There is nothing the matter with you."

"Ever heard of a case like it?"

"Never."

"No cure, I suppose."

"None whatever."

"How long do you think I will live?"

"You may die at any moment."

"And your fee?"

"One thousand dollars."

There was another pause. This time I politely but deftly arranged his chair so that a little of the light would fall on him. We faced each other.

"Doctor," I said, "I have a proposition to make to you. You admit that you never saw a case like mine before. It must therefore possess a supreme scientific interest. I am a comparatively poor man, and it might—I don't say it would, but it might—

worry me to have to pay that thousand. Instead of doing this, let me be an exhibit at one of your clinics. I'll offer myself up as a sacrifice, in return for your services."

He came over, laid his hand on my shoulder and shook his head sadly.

"No, sir," he said firmly. "It wouldn't do. Pay me ten dollars for my actual time and call it square. And promise never to reveal your secret to another physician."

"Is it as bad as that?" I said, forking over the ten. He followed me nervously to the door.

"It is, it is," he whispered. "Why, my dear sir, if the medical world should know of this—think of it!—if your malady should spread—what on earth would become of us!"

T. L. M.

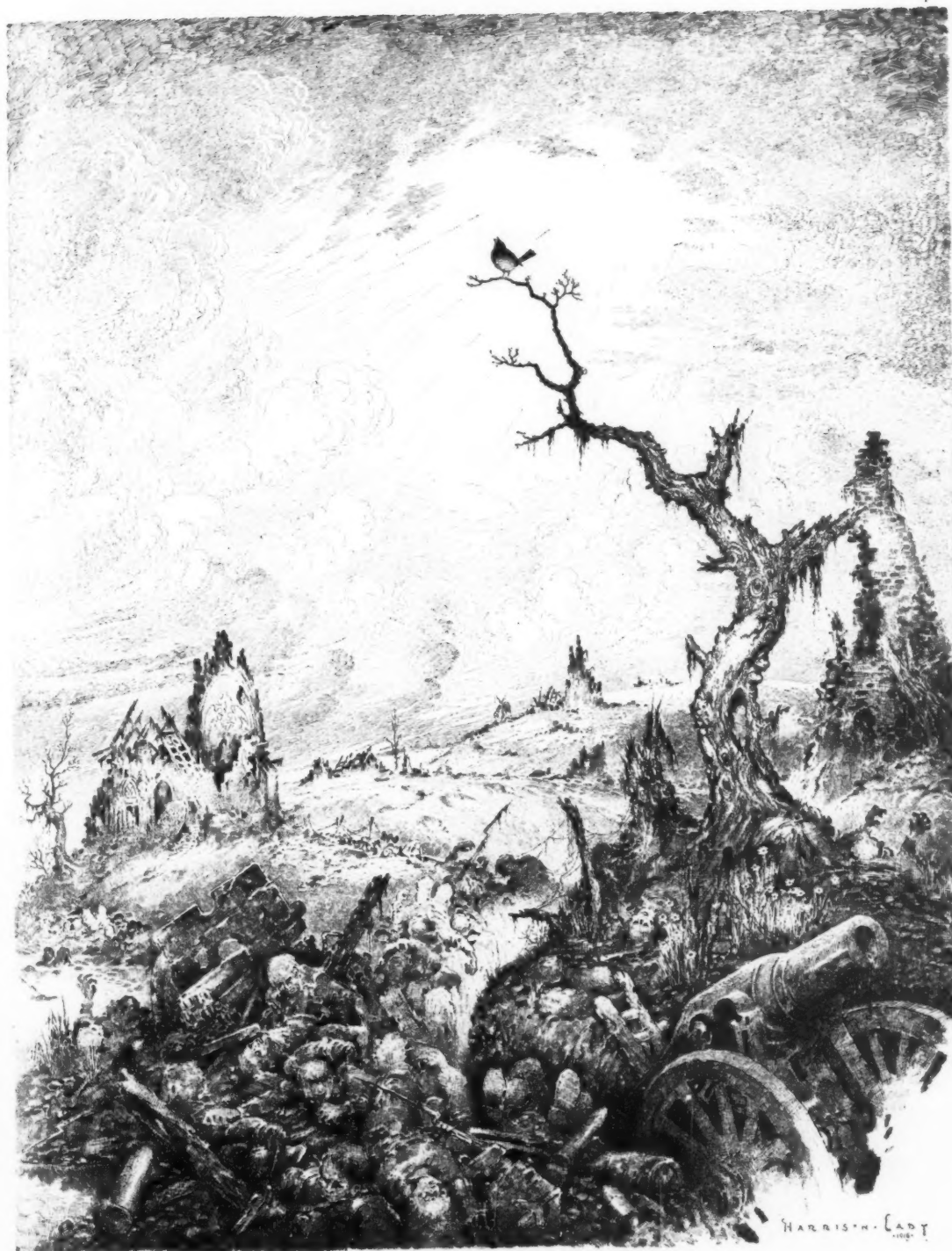
Since We Are Quitting

THE Australians seem a care-taking and energetic people. How would it suit *them* to take over the Philippines?

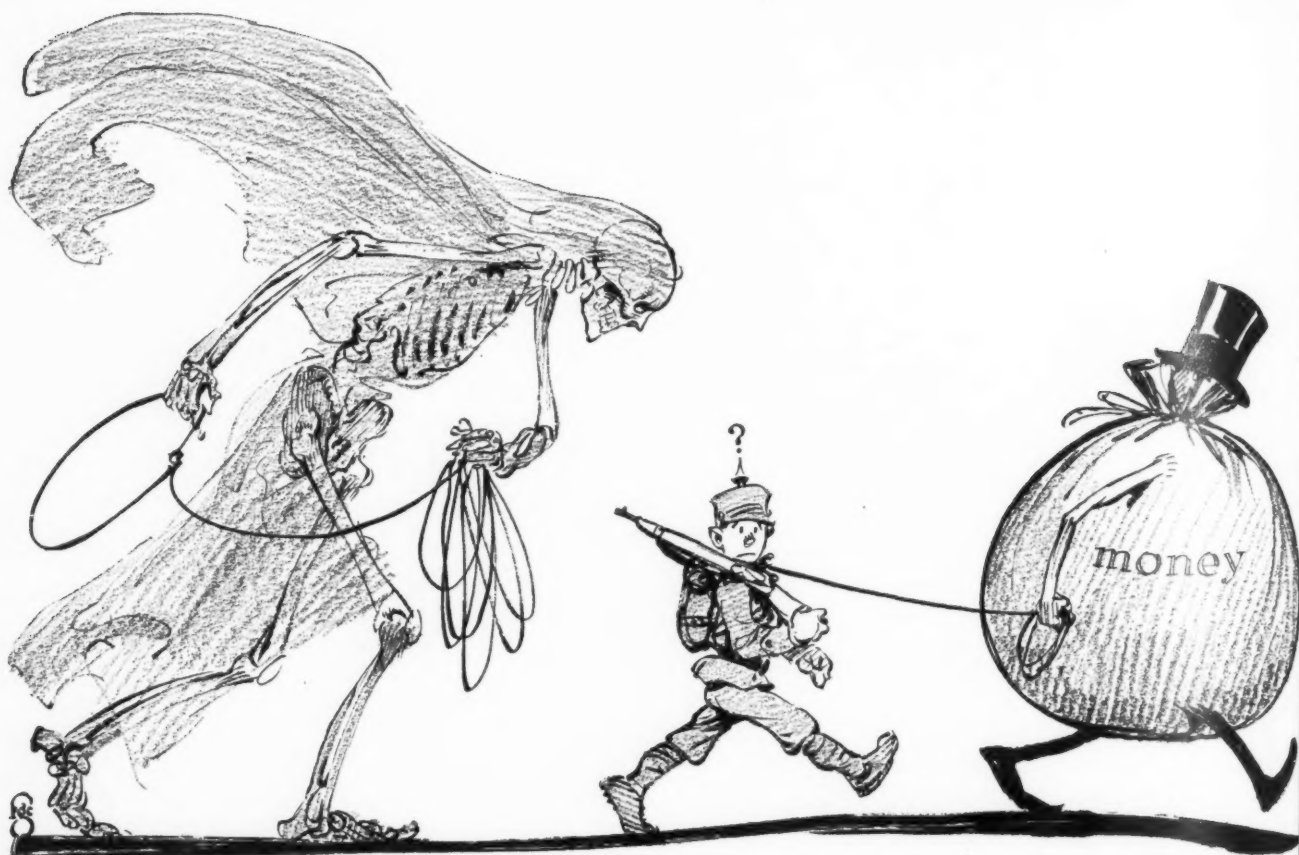
MOTTO for a humorous paper: Never be satisfied to infuriate one side of a controversy when by timely activity you can ignite both.



IN THESE ENLIGHTENED DAYS
IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS HER OWN GRANDMOTHER



A SPRING SONG



QUO VADIS?

"NEVER MIND—ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER!"

Prayer of the College Grad

SHOW me this day how to increase my vast store of polite impertinence.

Help me to acquire a clever manner of speech and style of dress that will make me ostentatiously unlike all others of my kind.

Increase my superiority over my elders, especially those who have not risen above doing the commonplace and necessary things of life.

Lead me to the celebrities, that I may know them and speak of them casually by their first names and thus increase my prestige among the younger set who look to me for standards.

Give me personality, which will enable me to assert myself in all matters

—to "put it over" my friends and enemies upon all occasions, especially those who know not the limitations of my college wisdom but remain dumb before my cleverness.

And finally, help me to a big job involving work and great responsibility which I can delegate to underlings and still draw for myself the large salary attached thereto.

When Women Vote

FIFTY per cent. will forget it.

Twenty per cent. will remember it.

Twenty per cent. will continue to be hysterical about it and work for as many election days as possible.

Ten per cent. will deserve it.

Don't Borrow Trouble

If the Democratic party expects to make its campaign this year on a platform which insists on an unwavering and unconditional peace policy, the logical nominee for the Presidency is not Mr. Wilson, but Mr. Bryan.—*The Tribune*.

DO not try, brother, to provide a nominee for the Democrats. Your hands are full enough in furnishing someone to run against them.

Course of History

THE Democratic platform in 1864—
The War's a Failure!

The Republican platform in 1916—
Peace is a Failure!

Malice in Blunderland

The Magic Lines

"GENTLMEN, I wish you to observe this as an example of burglarous entry," said a large Straw Man just as little Malice, having been wafted from New York to New Jersey by the blowing up of the Munitions Market, came tumbling down the chimney of a house at New-ark.

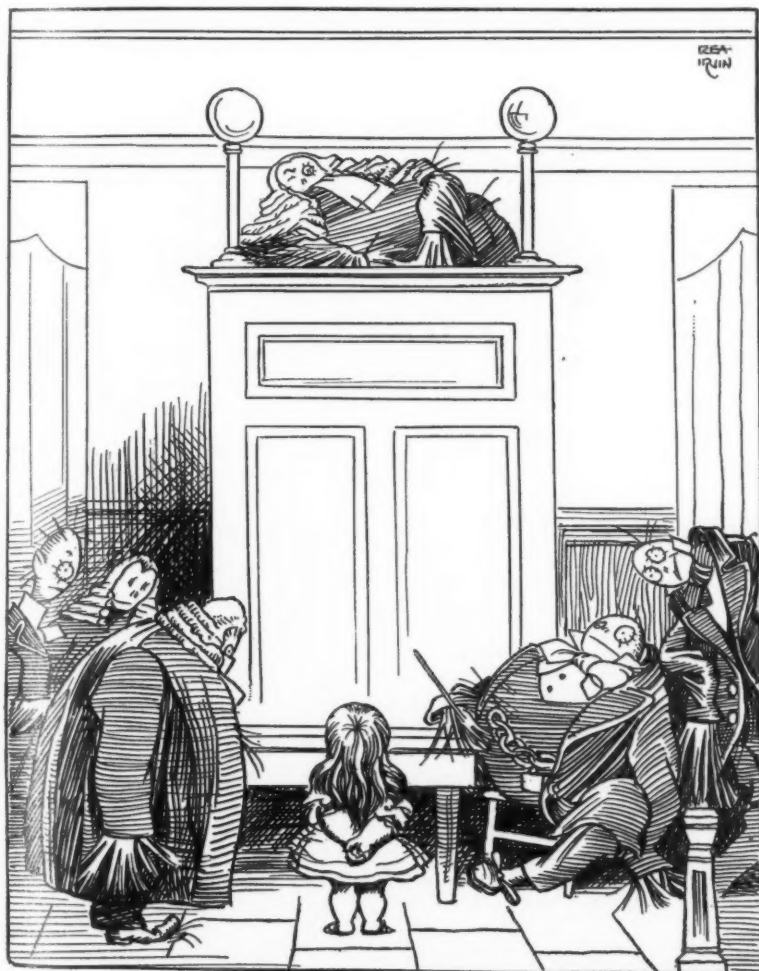
Several other Straw Men, some wearing great periwigs, stood in a circle and watched Malice with a sort of scientific curiosity.

"That depends," upspoke a very

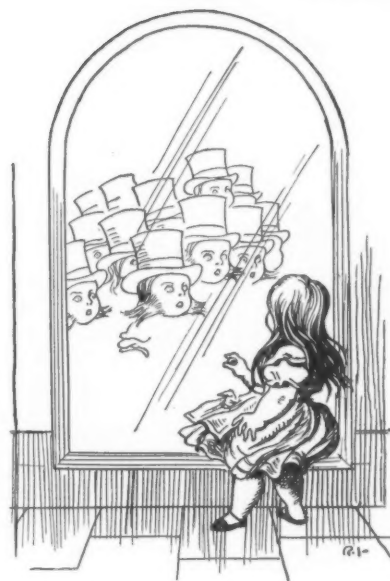
tightly stuffed Justice. "That depends upon the status of our client. Perhaps she is a Corporation. Little girl, what are you?"

"I'm just a Person," she faltered. "A lady in New York once called me a Person, so—"

"That settles it," said the stuffed Justice, glancing slyly at the others. "Any Person in New York becomes a Corporation in New Jersey. That's what state lines are for, you know; the minute you cross one you can immediately change into something else."



"That settles it!" said the stuffed Justice"



"All wearing silk hats"

"Goody!" cried the childish intruder, clapping her hands. "Where can I go to become the wisest woman in the world?"

"To Nevada," replied a short Straw Man. "Reno will attend to your case. Ladies who are foolish in other states get wise in Reno. I—"

"If it please the Court," growled a square Straw Man, "we are wasting time."

"That's what we're here for, as I interpret it," squeaked a thin Straw Man. "This constitutes a civil suit."

"I didn't come here meaning any harm," protested Malice, timidly.

"Naturally, you *would* say that, being a Corporation," interrupted the Justice, pompously. "We have already gone through the formalities for you. You are now President, Secretary, ten or a dozen Directors and Janitor of the Blunderland Liability Company, a Corporation under a New Jersey charter."

"One person couldn't be all that at once!" exclaimed Malice; but the fact remained that she felt very queer, and looking suddenly in the mirror was fascinated to observe that there were at least two dozen of herself, all wearing silk hats and impressive side whisks.

"Oh, take me away from here!" plead all the little Malices at once, hor-

rified at the New Jersey magic which had wrought this hideous miracle.

"Certainly," agreed the Justice with an indulgent smile of straw. "We'll get you deported."

It took four automobiles to transport Malice to the station; but as soon as she was seated in a west-bound Pullman car, a harsh conductor approached her and asked to look at the tickets.

"But there are twenty-four tickets and only one of you," protested the official, sternly.

"I'm a Corporation, you know," she explained.

"In New Jersey, perhaps—but we've passed the Pennsylvania border," upspoke a Philadelphia lawyer who had been sitting across the aisle studying a heavy book. As though intoning a hymn he sang as he conned the volume:

"What's false as night in New York
fair
Is true as light in Delaware;
What's right in Maine is wrong in
Jersey—
Hokus-pokus, vicer-versey."

"You know that, don't you?" asked the conductor, anxiously.

"I—I didn't know it—but I can learn," she stammered.

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse!" bellowed the Philadelphia attorney, taking off his celluloid spectacles and putting them on upside down. "I've a good mind to have you indicted."

"Please don't!" she screamed. "I'm only a poor, hard-working girl."

"She admits it!" howled the lawyer. "A poor, hard-working girl. At her age she is breaking the Pennsylvania state law against child labor."

"Is it a crime?" Malice managed to sob.

"In Pennsylvania, yes. In Massachusetts it's a virtue. Now, for a thousand dollars I could—" The attorney winked and twiddled his thumb toward New England.

Malice quickly signed and handed to her legal advisor a draft on the Blunderland Liability Co. In a very short time he had smuggled her across the Massachusetts line disguised as a writ of replevin.

As soon as they had arrived in

Worcester, Mass., Malice observed a white-faced lunch-room and intimated to her guardian that she was nearly famished.

"Of course, you eat in this town at your own risk," grumbled the attorney, as Malice seated herself at a table and ordered canned succotash.

"But I have often eaten canned succotash in my home in Indiana," the little girl persisted.

"The Indiana laws and the Massachusetts laws governing succotash are dangerously at odds," droned the lawyer.

Scarcely had the can, opened and steaming on a silver platter, been set before her than Malice tasted gingerly, mindful of the lawyer's warning.

"Stop!" he cried dramatically, clutching her by a wrist.

"Is it illegal?" she whispered.

"Don't you see the label?" he asked, pointing a trembling finger at a large sign on the can which read: "POISON—FORBIDDEN by the MASSACHUSETTS STATE LAW."

"I shall die!" wailed Malice. "Oh, Mr. Lawyer—what shall I do?"

"Go at once to Connecticut," the barrister advised. The succotash is declared perfectly wholesome by the state law there."

They were just in time to catch the train for Hartford. No sooner had

they passed the state line than she felt entirely well. She would, indeed, have cheered up considerably had not a menacing group of lawyers met her in a small way-station just across the border. The leader of the group bore a large floral wreath with immortelles arranged to form the words "REST IN PEACE."

"Is Miss Malice of Blunderland on this train?" asked the sad spokesman.

"Here," the maiden chirped timorously.

"Well, we've come to your funeral," all the lawyers chirped in unison.

"But I'm quite alive," she stubbornly insisted.

"In New York, where you are one thing, in Jersey, Delaware, Ohio or Oregon, where you are several other things, you may be alive, as you say. But in Connecticut it's still more different again."

"Another *vice versa*?" she quailed.

"Exactly—you'll learn, you'll learn," agreed the foreman. "In a word, the laws of this state make you a *habeas corpus*."

"What does that prove?" she found breath to enquire.

"That you are dead beyond a quibble."

"I'm glad *some* law is beyond a quibble," sighed the child, as she escaped deftly into the Fourth Dimension.

Wallace Irwin.



"FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE"



LIFE OF ATTLA THE SECOND. CHAPTER VIII
ON A VISIT TO ROME HE TEACHES POPE LEO THEOLOGY

As It Might Have Been

(If the Psychologists Are Correct)

JANUARY 30, 1854.—At the American psychologists' convention last night an interesting demonstration was given of the Whipple system of determining a person's intelligence. An ordinary-looking man was selected.

"Name, please?" the man was asked.

"Abraham Lincoln," he replied.

"Well, Mr. Lincoln," remarked the psychologist-in-charge, "will you be kind enough to define the word 'chamfer'?"

"'Chamfer'?" drawled Lincoln in a puzzled manner. "I can't say that I know what—it hasn't got anything to do with a horse, has it?"

"No, nothing to do with a horse," replied the psychologist with a cold smile. "Perhaps you can define 'dibble' for us."

"That's a new one on me," replied Lincoln regretfully, "but that reminds me of a story about—"

"Just confine yourself to the questions, please," interrupted his questioner. "Can you define 'mitosis'? 'Synecdoche'? 'Peneplain'? 'Gambit'?"

Lincoln's dejected features were lightened by an expression of relief. "'Gambit'?" he cried joyfully. "Yes, yes! A gambit is an opening in a chess game in which an advantageous attack is obtained by sacrificing—"

"Quite right," broke in the psy-

chologist impatiently and with just a trace of annoyance. "And now can you define 'testudo'?"

"'Testudo'?" ruminated Lincoln. "That reminds me of a little story regarding—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the psychologist, rising abruptly to his feet and dismissing the abashed Lincoln with a wave of his hand, "gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to report to you that the person who has just appeared before us is 82 per cent. unintelligent. He is mentally equipped for no tasks higher than sheep-tending or potato-picking. If you will now pass into the Main Hall, we will demonstrate that everyone, with the exception of psychologists, is mentally unsound."



MARCH 16, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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with suitable expedition into the ditch. It remains to be seen to what extent they will be able to hold it against assault. If Congress, too, takes to trench warfare it will be in the fashion and bring home to us the methods of the great war.

But the Senate supports the President, and probably the House will, too. To oppose him in the present issue calls for good nerves or very strong inducements. He holds that accepted rulings of international law cannot be changed in war-time by a neutral without consent of all hands concerned. He also holds that the management of foreign relations belongs to the executive branch of the government and must be handled through the State Department, and that for Congress to intrude uninvited, on diplomatic negotiations, virtually destroys the power of the government to negotiate. He is right in these matters, and is bound to have the support of persons who are interested in the maintenance of competent government in the United States.

To the gentlemen who favor the resolutions that would forbid Americans to sail on the merchant ships of belligerents, competent government of these States seems, for the time being, a secondary consideration. Senator Gore is an old-time populist, and presumptively unfavorable to any very definite competence in government. Senator O'Gorman is out to do a dam-

AS LIFE goes to press the blind in Congress, under their blind leader, seem to be proceeding

age to England, and, apparently, would not think a damage to the United States too high a price to pay for it. In the House some friends of the Mc-Lemore resolution are anti-English, some are pro-German, some are over-eager pacifists, some are Wilson-haters and anxious to put the President in a hole. Behind all of them is Germany, working every minute, and by all means, to twist Congress to her purpose. Washington now is as distinctly subject to the sleepless German assault as Verdun. German lives are not sacrificed there, but one hears that German money flows a deep and silent stream through our capital, and wonders to what uses it is put.

The British, acting in accordance with advice from their friends here, have left the cause of the Allies in this country to voluntary American advocates. They have spent no money in agitation, and sent over no emissaries to influence public opinion. The Germans have worked hard all the time, beginning, not very fortunately, with Dr. Dernberg, and keeping at it much more privately but incessantly ever since. They haven't captured the country yet, but they are credited with getting a part, at least, of what they have gone after. They are very industrious people, and their means are ample, yet we should be mortified, and worse, if their invisible industry and the underground currents of their means should prevail appreciably against the natural and righteous bias of the great majority of the American people in this war. They may subsidize newspapers and finance Clan-na-Gael meetings and distribute the agents of arson where they may be heard but not seen, but if

they are caught meddling improperly with Congress something really may come of it that will not be to their advantage. Nothing would make us readier to part peremptorily with the German Emperor's whole diplomatic outfit in this country than the knowledge that it was working Congress to beat the President and people of the United States.



PROCEEDINGS still go on, at this writing, around Verdun with persistence, but as yet with no significant results except a loss of life said to be appalling. The Germans seem to have paid very dear for what they have got, and not to have got very much. The impression we get is that matters are going, on the whole, satisfactorily to the French, and these unexpected activities favor the notion that the war will not die of old age in a trench, but will be fought out this year.

One reads in a Boston paper that at a public meeting in New York President Lowell of Harvard predicted that the next war, thirty or forty years hence, will be more destructive than the present one and probably will involve the whole world.

Dr. Lowell is about sixty years old, and can afford to make bold predictions about what will happen thirty or forty years from now. And truly, with this war unfinished and in its present stage, anyone seems bold who forecasts the next one. But probably what he said would not quite match the report.

Is it not conceivable that war will go out of style?

This modern war, as has often been said, is not so much a war of men against men as a war of men against machinery and chemistry. Is there no hope that to the survivors of this present war—if there are some—and even to their children, this modern warfare may seem too fantastic and inexpedient for human patronage? There is no doubt about its being not only hideous, but preposterous.

Mr. Sidney Brooks, who writes in the *North American Review* about The New America, discusses the present



TRYING TO FOOL THEM

"YES, DOVEY, THERE'S EVERYTHING IN THE CLOTHES ONE WEARS"

extraordinary antipathy in this country to war, and says:

Who knows but that the unique patience with which President Wilson has confronted the foreign problems of his administration may not eventually become the established rule of all international conduct?

Who can say that the steady and unceasing revulsion of the American people against imperialism, external adventures and the whole doctrine of militarism may not communicate itself to other nations and be accepted as the universal guide?

Who knows?
Nobody.

Matters one year hence, five years hence, thirty years hence in this world seem all completely beyond calculation. The human mind is receiving a very deep impression. Nobody knows how it is going to work after the lessons of this profound calamity have been stamped into it. It has long been considered likely that war would be abolished by the development of destructiveness. How much more destructive has it got to become? With such a start as has been made, is there any need of putting off Armageddon for another thirty years? Isn't this a sufficiently drastic proceeding that is now going on?



MR. BAKER, the new Secretary of War, has been mayor of Cleveland, and was a friend and disciple of Tom Johnson, who had the dream of three-cent fares for street railroads. Another friend of Tom Johnson was Brand Whitlock (of Belgium). Mr. Wilson seems to like Tom Johnson's friends, but he will never rivet the street railway interests to his cause by appointing them to high offices.

To bring the American people to military preparation is very like bringing a colt up to a steam engine. It will take patience and gentle handling. The suspicion lurks in many minds that the next worse thing to a bad army is a good one. If Mr. Baker can allay this suspicion he will do a lot of good. There is an idea that armies are intended to hurt someone, and that, too, he will have to fight, for, as we all know, the truth is that what armies are for is to prevent folks from being hurt.

Our people can't be compelled to have a proper army, but maybe they can be persuaded. If Mr. Baker is a persuasive man like Mr. Whitlock, he may be just the man for the War Department.



COLONEL HOUSE has got home, and the distress of sundry newspapers and newspaper disputants because of the presence abroad of an emissary not selected with the complicity of the Senate is now for the moment abated. He is back in good health and spirits with his reticence in good working order, and has been over to tell the President what he knows. If we were the President and what is up to Mr. Wilson was up to us, we should be mighty glad to have several hours' conversation with a judicious man who has been everywhere and seen everybody.

We hope the complainers about Colonel House may be able to reconcile themselves to his safe return.





Tragic Moments

WHEN YOUR MOTHER SHOWS YOUR BEST GIRL THE DOOR



Indianizing an Ordinary Sex Play



THE "big Injun" never was particularly interesting as dramatic material, and it is now some time since there has been any attempt to make him useful in that line of trade. Even the Indian maiden, picturesque in picture and poetry, has never appealed strongly to playgoers when put into stage drawing. Mr. Belasco in his presentation of "The Heart of Wetona" has not only melodramatized his Indians into presentable condition, but has also Indianized, to its advantage, what without this coloring must have been very ordinary melodrama based on a new twist in the domestic triangle. Mr. George Scarborough is nominally the author, but his play, as originally done, is said to have been a very different matter from the Indianized version given by Mr. Belasco. It was located in ordinary surroundings, and Mr. Scarborough's gift of dealing with the objectionable was exhibited with nothing to soften the main topic.

THE real, aboriginal Indians in "The Heart of Wetona" are used only in the background to supply the elements of terror and catastrophe. Those who figure as speaking characters have been denatured by the facts that *Quannah*, the big chief, made fairly impressive by Mr. William Courtleigh, had married a white woman, and *Wetona*, his half-breed daughter, had been educated as a white girl.

Since the days of *Red Jacket* the Indian has never been very eloquent. The main difficulty with putting the Indian on the stage, outside of the detail of personal cleanliness, is to make his talk dramatically impressive. Into the mouth of *Quannah* the author of the play has put lines that never could have come from the mouth of even a reservation Indian, and *Wetona's* talk was more like pigeon English than the missionary lingo she was supposed to imbibe with her education.

As amusement, though, "The Heart of Wetona" holds the interest. Mr. Belasco hasn't omitted a single trick to keep alive the melodramatic suspense, and the Indian element has been most adroitly used to give an unusual atmosphere to what otherwise might have been commonplace. Even a kitten is made a valuable factor in sustaining the dramatic action which raises the question of what is going to happen to the rôle of the kitten when this particular kitten develops speedily into a mature Tom or Tabby, as kittens have a way of doing.

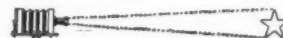
Playgoers who do not squirm at a pretty raw sex situation,

as playgoers do not to-day, will find that Mr. Scarborough has provided them with that kind of a thrill, and that Mr. Belasco has partially taken the raw edge off it by the way the piece is cast and staged.



COMIC operetta has been palling on our appetites for years. The tired business man, who is the mainstay of this form of entertainment, doesn't seem to care much for novelty, originality or humor in book or score. He goes on, season after season, paying speculator prices for seats to see and hear the same old thing done in the same old way. Everyone else, including the tired business man's wife, has lost faith in this form of entertainment, whether the scene is laid in a Viennese suburb, a South American republic or a South Sea island.

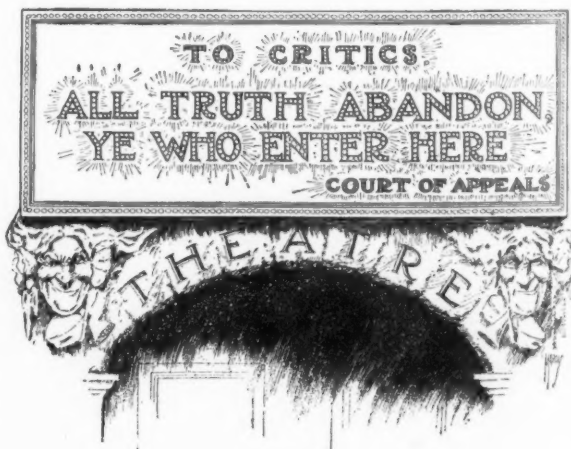
Then comes along something like "Pom-Pom," with a plot, clever lines, music out of the ordinary, unique settings, intelligent staging, and a well-selected cast. Then we suddenly wake up and admit that there is something amusing and entertaining in comic operetta, after all. Properly done it is more than a mere girl-and-music show. Mizzi Hajos, a well-chosen cast and the brains back of "Pom-Pom" show that girls, ragtime and brilliant settings are not the only essentials in light musical entertainment. This production marks the return of Col. Henry M. Savage to the managerial arena, and is very well worth seeing and hearing.



"THE Road to Mandalay"—entirely remote from Kipling's poem—adheres more closely to the old formula for comic operetta. The scene is Rangoon, and we have the familiar introduction of Occidentals into Oriental surroundings. Judged by the conventional standards for this conventional production, the piece is fairly amusing and very well done—better, in fact, than many of its recent competitors in the same line. It kills an evening agreeably.



IF "Pay Day" had been put forth as a real play it would be considered simply a very elemental but well-acted melodrama. If it had been made a movie picture play, it would have gone the route of countless similar film thrillers. Seri-



LEGAL NOTICE

ously produced at a prominent theatre, it made the first-night audience sit up and think that perhaps the whole thing was a joke or a satire. Its producers and backers, quickly realizing that "Pay Day" could not be taken seriously, have evidently been content to turn failure into success by claiming that the combination of movie treatment and serious acting was really meant to be satirical or funny. It isn't really either of these, but it is novel in its combination of the serious and the grotesque.

"Pay Day" is certainly a joke in that it left that wisest of theatrical gatherings, a New York first-night audience, not knowing whether it had been hoaxed or seriously entertained. *Metcalfe.*

Confidential Guide

Astor.—"Cohan's Revue 1916." Unusually clever burlesques of current plays with equally clever imitations, all backed up with a pleasing girl-and-music show.

Bandbox.—"The Washington Square Players." New bill of playlets. Notice later.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Well-staged and delightfully acted comedy with witty lines largely directed at the practice of medicine.

Booth.—"Pay Day," by Lottie M. Meaney and Oliver D. Bailey. See above.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Well-presented and interesting crime drama with the plot hinging on an unusual instance of police memory.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Agreeable and fairly original comic operetta of the Viennese type.

Century.—Closed.

Cohan's.—Mizzi Hajos in "Pom-Pom." See above.

Comedy.—"The Fear Market," by Amélie Rives. A celebrated case of journalistic blackmail in New York made the foundation of a clever society comedy.

Cort.—"The Blue Envelope," by Messrs. Frank Hatch and Robert E. Homans. Notice later.

Criterion.—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Viola Allen, Henrietta Crosman and Mr. James K. Hackett. Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. An extremely funny and well-acted farce of apartment-house life in New York.

Empire.—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." Last week of the competent revival of Barrie's delightful Scotch comedy.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Katinka." Comic operetta written in the Viennese style. Tunes and amusing in the usual way.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Just a Woman," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Drama depicting in forceful situations an aspect of the domestic triangle arising from the changed conditions of a quickly rich family.

Fulton.—"M." Brandon Tynan's play, "The Melody of Youth," with the author as star. Well-acted, pleasant and sentimental Irish comedy.

Gaiety.—"Mrs. Fiske in 'Erstwhile Susan,'" by Marian de Forest. Comedy of life among the Pennsylvania Dutch, with the star in an unusual but telling rôle.

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" Gaby Deslys as the star of a brilliantly staged girl-and-music show.

Harris.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Farcical comedy having fun with the financial side of revivalism and the prohibition movement.



"O NOBLE JUDGE! O EXCELLENT YOUNG MAN!"

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Picturesque ice carnival, ballet, spectacle and vaudeville features on a big scale.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Pleasant and wholesome sentimental comedy, well played.

Knickerbocker.—Changing bill of moving-picture plays with legitimate actors in the leading parts.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Ditrichstein. Interesting and admirably acted drama of life among the grand-opera artists.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona," by Mr. George Scarborough. See above.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. Extension of the career of those Jewish princes of the cloak-and-suit trade, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter. Laughable farcical comedy, well done.

Manhattan.—Closed.

Marine Elliott's.—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Pride of Race," by Mr. Michael L. Landman. Interesting and well-acted drama having for its motive the unpleasant topic of miscegenation.

Park.—"The Road to Mandalay," by Vesela and Post. See above.

Playhouse.—Repertory of modern comedies

admirably acted by Grace George and her well-chosen company.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." Light but amusing musical farce based on "Over Night."

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Clever and picturesquely staged dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous pirate story.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Well-acted drama dealing with another setting forth of the injustice of the double standard in sex law.

Shubert.—Last week of "Alone at Last." Comic operetta by the author of "The Merry Widow." More ambitious than usual in its score, and well sung.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. Emily Stevens heading a good cast in a drama presenting an entirely theatrical view of some phases of life in New York.

Winter Garden.—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," with Mr. Al. Jolson as the featured comedian. Another apparently successful effort to alleviate the fatigue of the tired business man with a generous quantity of girls, rag-time and brilliant settings.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Joy in the way of cabaret and dancing for those who like to begin the day at midnight.

The Humorist

AND the Great Secret stood before me nude and said:
 "I am called Hope,
 Venomous satirist with the eye of a babe,
 Iago playing the dulcimer beneath the windows of Grief,
 Giant flambeau in the hand of Satan that lights the Race down
 the ages to the perpetual Festal Worm.

"I am called Hope,
 The trumpet-call to the Ambuscade,
 Immaculate conception of the virgin womb Credulity,
 Brazen Valkyrie of the Spirit who carries the corpses of the
 slain to the wintry palaces of the obliterated.

"I am called Hope,
 The fairy godmother of Despair,
 Flying feet of Dawn that you pursue down the ridges of the
 Night,
 Scintillant larva of the livid stare, a toy balloon escaped from
 the hand of a child, which collapses on the frozen
 mountains of the Moon.

I am called Hope."

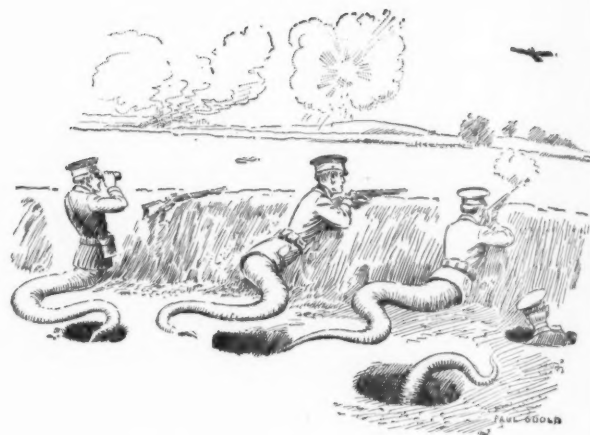
Benjamin De Casseres.



EVERY year the statisticians carefully inform us of the point to which the "center of population" of the country has shifted. Why not extend the service? Why not, for example, take a large map of the United States, make a red dot on it for the scene of each novel or short story dealing with an American subject; and then, twice a year,—after the completion of the spring and fall outbursts,—compute for us the geographical center of gravity of the interpretative mass thus represented: give us, that is to say, the "center of fiction" of the country? Just now, it would be in order to place two large red dots at Chicago and one at Oyster Bay.

ONE of the Chicago dots would represent Henry Kittell Webster's fictional discussion and dramatization of the difficulties introduced by contemporary conditions into the perennial problem of personal adjustment to the married state,—*"The Real Adventure"* (Bobbs-Merrill, \$1.50). The book is interesting both dramatically and intellectually. It contains a good story; a host of well individualized characters as the supports and entourage of a central figure, a woman, of exceptional vitality and vividness; and much good talk that embodies the results of the author's thinking and understanding. It bears, indeed, much the same relation to 1916 that Herrick's *"Together"* bore to the earlier (and more physical) phases of the then newly envisaged problem. Incidentally it would greatly have profited by condensation.

THE other Chicago dot would stand for *"Those About Trench"* (Macmillan, \$1.35), a tale strangely compounded of concentrated intellectual turmoil and far-flung personal adventure, by Edwin Herbert Lewis,—a new novelist with ambitions and abilities both out of the ordinary. *Trench* is a scientist and iconoclast; a specialist in children's diseases; head of his department in a Chicago medical college, and



EVOLUTION OF THE TRENCH FIGHTER

patron of a cosmopolitan coterie of brilliant students—Chinese, Persian, Servian, Russian Jew, New England, British Indian. He and they think they have reduced life to a chemical problem; but life suddenly turns on them, drags some of them halfway round the world, and twists *Trench* himself round the little finger of its pet illusion.

THE red dot placed at Oyster Bay would represent a different kind of American fiction,—namely, a campaign document. This particular example suggests a blend of Isaiah speaking at Carnegie Hall, of Peter the Hermit addressing the Annapolis cadets, and of Savanarola preaching from the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives. It reads like sixteen-inch chunks of the eternal verities, fired at us by large charges of righteous indignation. It is written by Theodore Roosevelt and is called *"Fear God and Take Your Own Part"* (Doran, \$1.50). But it really means *"Fear Woodrow Wilson and Take the Part of Teddy."*

HERE, on the other hand, is a real Daniel come to judgment. The questions that he undertakes to settle are less momentous than those of international relations, but they are quite as intricate. And they bother us ordinary citizens far oftener. They are the questions of how to punctuate, or rather (and the distinction is of the very essence of the book's excellence) of *why to punctuate*. For Mr. William Livingston Klein, author of *"Why We Punctuate, or Reason Versus Rule in the Use of Marks"* (Lancet Publishing Company, Minneapolis), regards punctuation, not as a matter of typographical precedent, but as a practical problem in indicating at a glance the real meaning of printed language. His work is a revelation in clear reasoning and happy illustration.

"YOUNG Hilda at the Wars" (Stokes, \$1.00), by Arthur Gleason, is a slightly fictionalized account of the author's experiences at the Belgian front in a ten weeks' service with a specially privileged Red Cross ambulance outfit. It contains a number of interestingly intimate glimpses of conditions and of types. And the fact that the preface gives an exact list of the liberties that fiction has been allowed to take with facts, is not without an interest of its own.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Theorist



1. "Yes, it is expensive in the beginning, but with proper scientific management the returns from chicken raising may be made fabulously lucrative."



2. "These thoroughbred white leghorns cost me \$600, but after supplying my own table with eggs and poultry I expect handsome results from what I sell."



3. "My patent brooders, feedhoppers, drinking fountains, trap-nests, etc., will involve the outlay of another \$3,000."



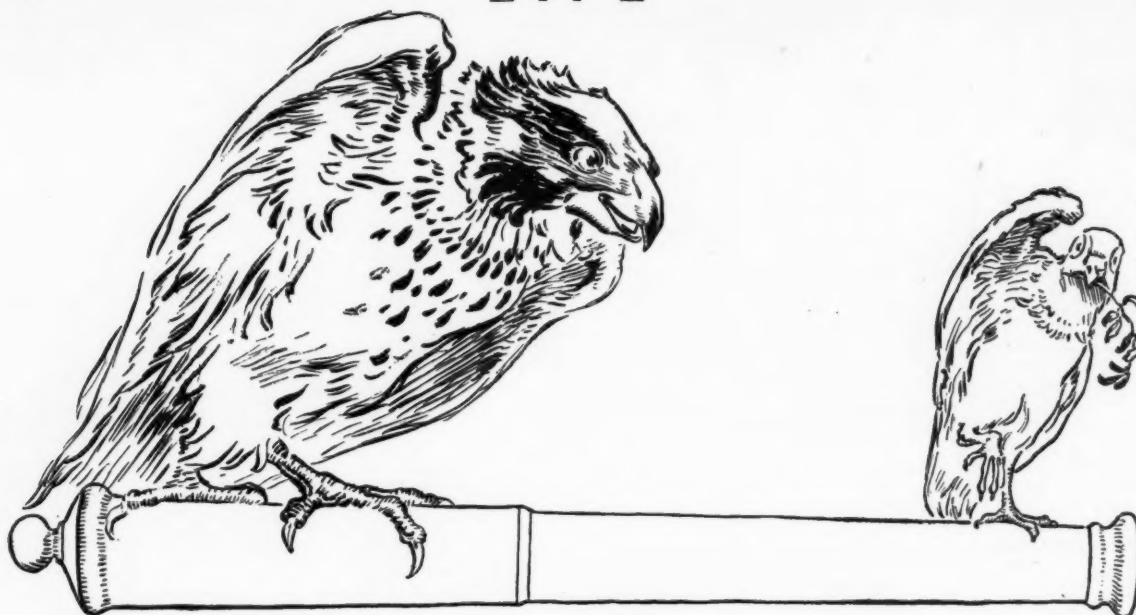
4. "And, of course, the wages, cost of food, and so on will eat up a fixed sum every week, but once I get my theory into practical working order the thing is a gold mine."



5. "Well goodbye, my dear Blouder. Come over in about a month and I'll show you what a thorough grasp of the subject can do."



6. A month later.
Farmer (looking at a lot of scraggy chickens): I don't mind givin' ye \$25 fer the lot if ye want to throw in the lumber.



Let Us All Talk It All Over!

IN order to get the country duly het up for armament there must be discussion. In order that there may be discussion somebody must take the pacifist end. This must be evident to our pacifist fellow citizens, and no doubt they will better themselves.

Mr. Bryan is billed for some appearances. Mr. Villard also would get out on the road. If these

pacifist brethren seem to be accomplishing anything it will stir up others on the other side—Mr. Stimson and Mr. Root, perhaps—and the voters will begin to be reached. Mr. Spooner can make a speech, and has good ideas. Mr. Taft can make any quantity of speeches. There are hundreds of others, and we should like to hear from them all every day. Mr. Scott Near-

ing is a public speaker and believes in unpreparedness: room on the platform for Dr. Nearing! Can Editor Max Eastman make a speech? Surely the audience will be glad to hear from Mr. Eastman, even though he diverts to his troubles with Ward and Gow.

In order to prepare, the country must first warm up. He that hath a voice let him use it now.

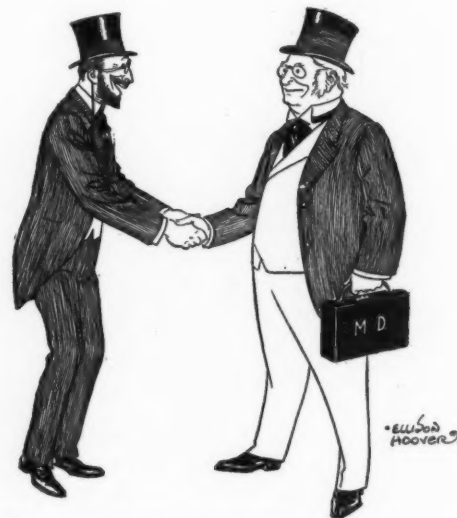
Hindu Proverbs

THE Law I do not fear;
My Son's Policeman here.

Shine, Firefly!
Through leafy bars,
But do not vie
With Heaven's Stars.

As faithful as the Knee-joint to its
Socket,
The Lawyer's Hand keeps in his
Neighbor's Pocket.

Not a Penny to her name,—
Runs to Market, just the same.
Arthur Guiterman.



"SUCCESS? WHY, DOCTOR, IT'S THE BIGGEST THING SINCE 'APPENDICITIS'"



WHEN A GIRL'S IN LOVE

Our Unpleasant Department

(All unpleasant contributions cheerfully received)

WEATHER report for to-morrow: Hail and rain, mud in the streets, high winds, accompanied by snow storms, blizzards and cyclones.

If you are a married man, be prepared for this evening. We tell you this frankly, knowing that no matter how much you may wish to do so, you cannot prevent what is coming. Don't delude yourself in advance with the pernicious thought that it could be worse anyway. We positively assure you that it couldn't be worse.

We have an unpleasant surprise in store for you, young man—you, who are in love with Her, and have made up your mind to propose to her to-night. You have been deluding yourself with the idea that she will accept you—to your amazement you will find that she never had the slightest thought of doing such a thing. Oh, go on just the same. Face the worst!

To all millionaires, greeting: This is just to remind you that there is another dull evening in store for you.

The last train home; the weary, snorting, puffing, slow, rocking, stuffy, halting, hesitating, never-ending last train home, concluded by a deadly dull walk from the station.

Yes, commuters, you who are now on your way to the theatre, let your minds dwell on that!

Friends, Hebrews, countrymen! Remember that all the profits you are now making will in time go to the Germans!

By the way, have you made a careful examination of the outside of your house? To your amazement, if you will but do so, you will find that the paint is already chipping off and that it cannot possibly go another season without—

Are you a golfer this beautiful (?) early spring weather? Club dues coming soon!

Remember! This minute you can never live over again!

A Constitutional Amendment

CONGRESS is empowered by the Constitution of the United States not only to spend money and contract debts, but also to save money and pay debts. It is not fair, however, to impose such widely different functions upon such a busy body.

We have seen that the contracting of debts and the spending of money in a thorough fashion consume practically all the working time of this great legislative assembly.

In order, therefore, that the matter of saving money and paying debts be attended to properly, a constitutional amendment should provide for a body which shall be responsible for that and nothing else. Such a body, if carefully organized, would save many times its cost every year.



U. S.: THERE'S NO QUESTION OF MY LOVING YOU, BUT IT'S SUPPORTING YOUR RELATIVES IN THERE THAT I OBJECT TO



(Under this heading, LIFE will publish a short story in each issue)

In the Sunny South

By W. J. Clarke

THE man with the bronzed face flung down the newspaper and uttered the remark that is spelled "Pshaw." Then he said scornfully:

"There is a poem in it called 'Wedded Love.' I never read such stuff in my life, but I suppose the poor beggar who wrote it didn't know any better. How could he in a country like this, where matrimony is always the same thing as restfulness? In this country when a man is married he feels all the time as if he were lying peacefully in a hammock under a shady tree on a hot summer day, smoking a good cigar, with only a few flies and mosquitos round his head, and maybe a hornet or two, and perhaps the toothache, and possibly a few rheumatic twinges or a touch of sciatica. But in the sunny South he feels as if he were being torn to pieces with red-hot pincers or drenched with boiling lava. I suppose love and lava are the same word etymologically.

"Let me tell you about some people I came across when I was in the south of Italy. There was a man named Risotto Montepulciano, who was badly in love with his wife, whose name was Lucia, and there was another fellow, named Marco, and Marco was the happy man. He was happy because he didn't know Lucia and didn't want to, and the man who doesn't want to know too much is always happy.

"The trouble began when Marco plunged into a mill-race and saved Lucia from drowning just as she was going down for the last time. In this country she would have thanked him for his politeness and cut him dead the next time they met, for the Montepulciano were socially a cut above Marco. But in the sunny South people never act in a rational way, and she fell madly in love with him.

"The position when I first came to know these people was this: Risotto hated Lucia because she was in love with Marco, and hated Marco because Lucia was in love with him. Lucia hated Risotto because she was in love with Marco,

and hated Marco because he wouldn't look at her. And Marco hated Lucia because she wouldn't leave him alone, and hated Risotto because Risotto had tried to assassinate him several times. You notice Marco still had the best of it. That is because he was only hating and wasn't in love as well. Hate can keep a man awake at night, but loving and hating at the same time always upset the nervous system. I don't mean the ordinary state of affairs where a man loves a girl and hates the other fellow; in that case the two things neutralize each other to some extent. But when a man is madly in love with a girl and hates her violently at the same time, it breaks him up. Risotto and Lucia were both in this evil state, and the mental tortures they suffered were frightful.

"I hope you don't imagine that Risotto went about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, as a man in this country would have done under the same provocation. He carried a raging volcano in his heart, an automatic pistol in his hip pocket, a knife under his coat, prussic-acid tabloids in his vest pocket, explosive cigars in his cigar-case, and poisoned cigarettes in his cigarette-case, so as to be ready for any chance that might turn up; but outwardly he was a

calm, cultured, courteous gentleman without a care in the world. That is the result of centuries of civilization. They don't teach manners like that in this country.

"I don't intend to tell you all the things that happened. It would take me several hours, and then you wouldn't understand it without a diagram or a working model; it was all so tangled and mixed up. I will leave all this out, and just tell you how it finished.

"You can easily understand that Risotto's assassination schemes made it necessary that he should invite Marco to the house frequently, and there Marco met Risotto's younger sister, Carlotta, and they fell in love at first sight. This made things worse, for Risotto was Carlotta's trustee, and when she married he would have to settle up. He had been dreading this for years, and now he saw that the time had come to do something, and do it at once.

"It is a custom in those parts for the suitor and the girl's father or guardian to drink a loving cup together, ceremoniously, when the thing is settled. They both drink out of the same cup—the custom dates from the Middle Ages, when it wasn't safe to take a drink until somebody else had tasted it. This gave Risotto his chance. Like most of the better classes in southern Italy, he had 'taken his poison.' This doesn't mean

(Continued on page 500)



OF TWO WURSTS THE LESS WURST IS ALWAYS THE WURST



"SURE, MRS. MURPHY, MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. COME IN AND BE WAN AV US"

Exceeding the Limit

A DISPATCH to the *World*, dated Albany, February 21, says that the stag-party in the Fourteenth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn wasn't so bad as reported, and that these are the facts about it, as reported to Governor Whitman by General O'Ryan:

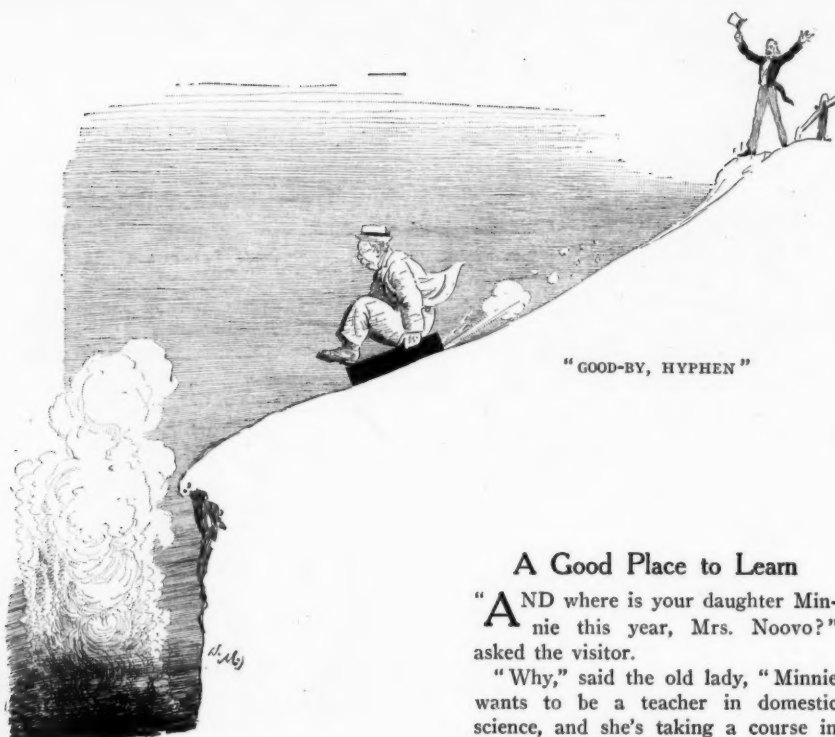
It is true, as asserted by the newspapers, that there was a young woman dancer attired in six veils. It is true, also, that after she removed five of the veils spectators contributed twenty-five cents each to participate in a raffle which was to decide who should remove the remaining veil. But according to the O'Ryan report the supposedly lucky man was a confederate, in fact, the dancer's husband.

The managers of stag-parties in the Fourteenth Regiment Armory seem much in need of instruction.

There is a place for all things. Let us hope it has been brought home to the entertainment committee of the Fourteenth Regiment that the place for a woman to take off six veils is in her bedroom, and that the State of New York cannot undertake to provide its armories for the convenient divestment of ladies who feel overclad.



"TELL US A COUPLE OF SHOCKERS, NURSE. I'M SICK OF THAT LITTLE-BOY-BLUE STUFF"



"GOOD-BY, HYPHEN"

A Good Place to Learn

"AND where is your daughter Minnie this year, Mrs. Noovo?" asked the visitor.

"Why," said the old lady, "Minnie wants to be a teacher in domestic science, and she's taking a course in household derangements down at the Abnormal School."

No Fun!

THE OLD MAN: Marry her, George?

GEORGE: Well, I thought so, father, if you consented. She's getting urgent about it.

THE OLD MAN: Immediately?

GEORGE: That's further than I have got. I suppose mother would want to have a say about that. She might not be ready to spare me for awhile yet.

THE OLD MAN: Perhaps not till after the fall campaign. Well, I tell you, George; Cora's a nice girl, and a girl of good character, I think, and I believe she will always do right by you according to her ability. But she's new as a wage-earner. I understand she's just got a downtown job. If I were you I'd hold off a bit and see how she gets on with her employment. I tell you it's no fun to settle down and get married and have your breadwinner fail to make good. That chases love out of the window, my boy. Many's the time I've seen it! Many's the time.



"I HOPE YOU WERE FIGHTING IN A JUST CAUSE, MY LITTLE MAN."

"YES, FATHER. FIDO BOBTAIL SAID I LOOKED LIKE YOU."

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Why, good morning, Emperor William! You do me great honor."

"This is not a question of honor, LIFE, but simple justice to Germany. Why are you Americans displaying so much hostility to the Fatherland?"

"You mean, Emperor, why are we all displaying so much hostility to you."

"Well, am I not the Fatherland?"

"Not quite, sire. You think you are. This apparently trifling illusion on your part—if you will permit an old friend and critic to have his say—is costing the world—well, we can't tell yet, sire—but it looks a monumental price to pay for such a mixing-up of terms."

"But, LIFE, this is a war between German and Slav."

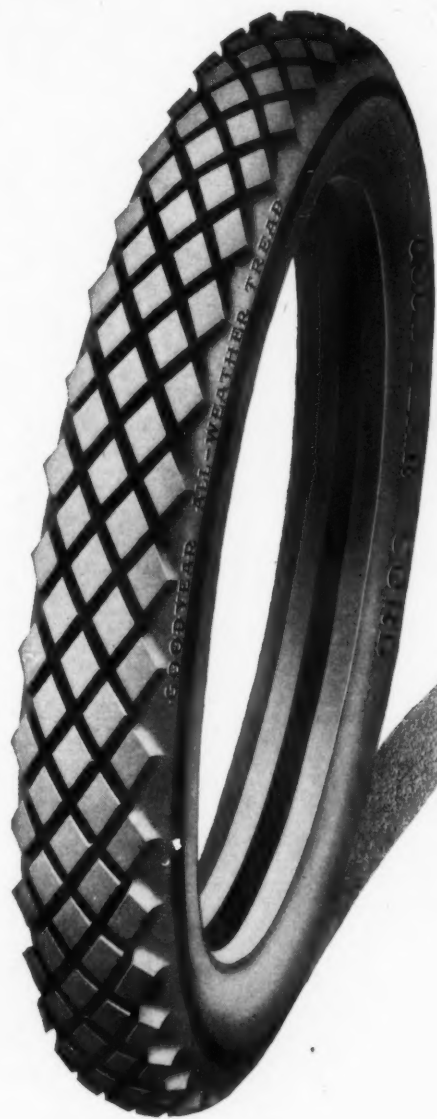
"Pardon, your majesty—another slight error on your part."

"What is it, then?"

"It is a war of German military autocracy against the German people—with Europe in the end to liberate the German people—or—"

"Or what, LIFE?"

"Or what is left of them, sire."



GOODYEAR AKRON CORD TIRES

GOODYEAR Cord Tires are standard equipment on the Locomobile.

Building but Four Cars A Day, it behooves the Locomobile Company to see that the tires reflect the high character of its product; and that they enhance the satisfaction of Locomobile ownership.

Studied from any angle, this endorsement must mean that the Goodyear Cord is the tire of tires for your own fine car.

Greatly oversize; comfort correspondingly increased. No-Hook and Q. D. Clincher All-Weather and Ribbed Treads For Gasoline Cars and Electrics

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Painless Patriotism

"How quickly some of those immigrants assimilate our ideas and methods!"

"As for instance?"

"Well, I asked my Italian barber if he was going home to fight and he said he wasn't; that he had paired with an Austrian in the next block."

—Boston Transcript.

In Darkest Alabama

"Say, Alabama is a dry state, isn't it?"

"Sure."

"Why, my dear, when I was there I saw several negroes who were intoxicated."

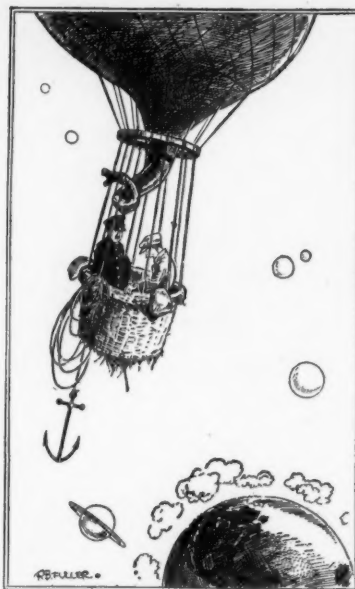
"Well, of course they can't stop the sale of that awful cotton gin entirely."

—Cornell Widow.

"What is the scope of a submarine's greatest activity?"

"I guess it's the periscope."

—Baltimore American.



Nervous Passenger: THE BOTTOM OF THIS BASKET DOESN'T SEEM VERY STRONG.
Balloonist: OH, WELL, IF IT FALLS OUT I'LL GET ANOTHER BASKET.

One Explanation

At the meeting of the Afro-American Debating Club the question of capital punishment for murder occupied the attention of the orators for the evening. One speaker had a great deal to say about the sanity of persons who thus took the law into their own hands. The last speaker, however, after a stirring harangue, concluded with great feeling: "Ah disagrees wif cap'tal punishment an' all dis heah talk 'bout sanity. Any pusion 'at c'mits murdeh ain't in a sanitary c'ndition."—Argonaut.

Sufficient Reason

"Why do you write articles on how cheaply people can live if they try?"

"In the hope of getting enough money to avoid having to live that way."

—Southward-Go!

"What profession do you think your boy Josh will choose?"

"Law," replied Farmer Cornloss.

"Josh kin talk louder an' longer when he's got the wrong side of an argument than anybody I ever heard."

—Washington Star.

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Perrier

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SPARKLING
TABLE
WATER

AMONG the things which Nature perfects and Man cannot "improve," such as the rainbow, the perfume of flowers, or the laughter of a child, we place the sparkling Perrier Water. The inimitable brilliance and quality of Perrier are entirely natural.

There is no saltiness in Perrier, the great reason why it combines so perfectly with Wines and Spirits.

Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Grocers

PERRIER, LTD.
Cor. Broadway & 42d St., New York.

For a high-class High-ball—say PERRIER.



Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.



1616-1916

in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy MacKaye.

The Theatre Magazine has gathered from all over the world, rare engravings and old wood-cuts, pertaining to the intimate and public life of Shakespeare. Six full page engravings of scenes in his plays from the famous Boydell collection.

Edith Wynne Matthison has posed for the cover a special picture of "Rosalind" in "As You Like It."

The Theatre Magazine

We will be glad to send you The Theatre for four months for \$1.00 beginning with the March issue which will be mailed at once if you will sign and address the coupon at the side. We will bill you April 1st for it or you can send us your check if you prefer.

—on March 28th

The Theatre Magazine

for APRIL—the magnificent
SHAKESPEARE NUMBER
—will be on sale.

Printed on special heavy paper, the April issue will contain many valuable articles and illustrations relative to the life of the world's greatest poet and playwright.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness Jr. will write on the gloves of Shakespeare—his closest personal relics—which are in his possession. Other contributors are Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House," Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia University, Robert Mantell and Percy MacKaye.

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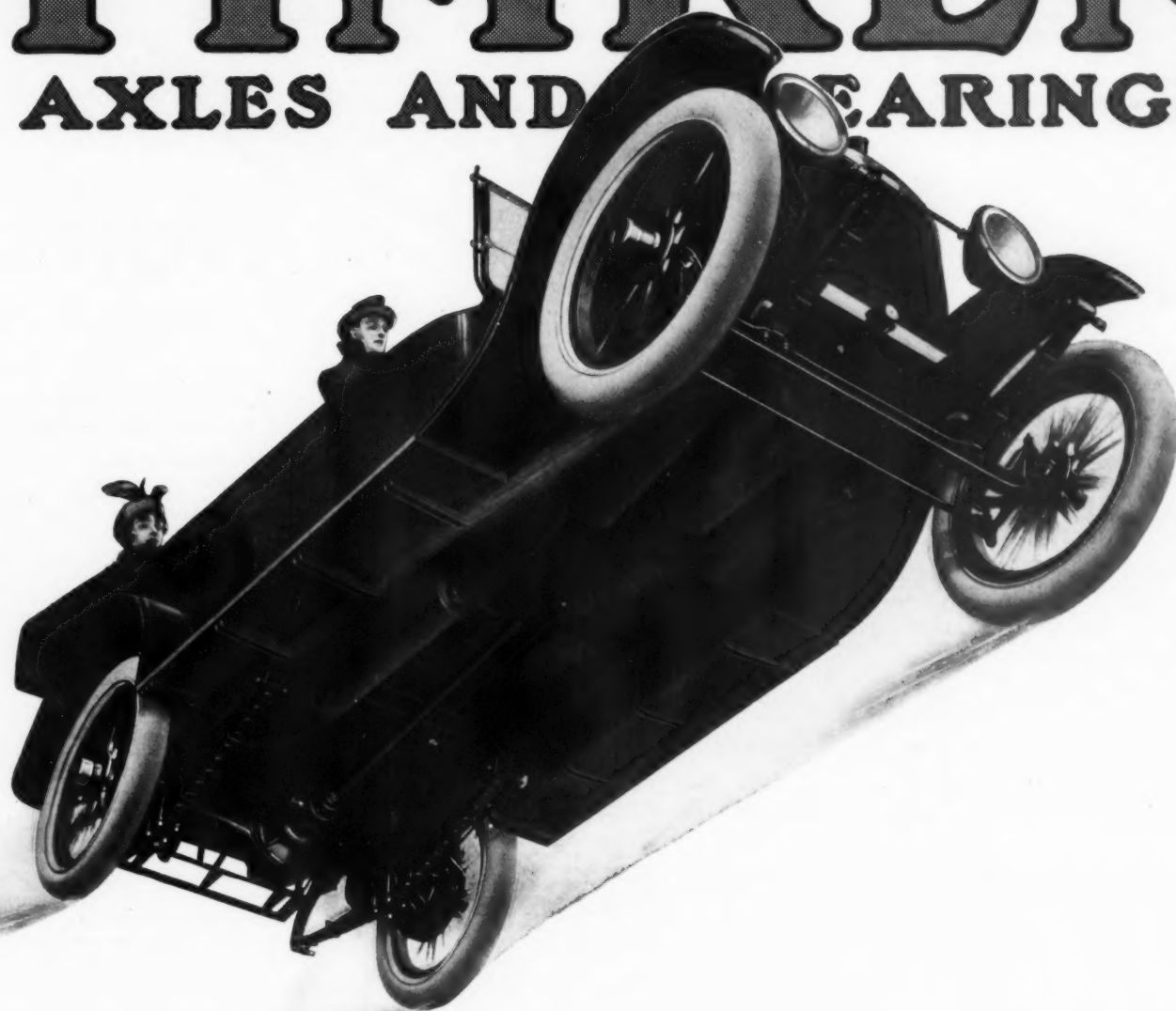
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 12 West 38th St., N. Y.
Please send me THE THEATRE for 4 months for \$1.00 beginning with March, for which I will pay when billed.
Name.....
Address.....

TIMKEN

AXLES AND BEARINGS



As the Road Sees It

FORGET your familiar point of view in the driver's seat and think of your car as it would look from the road. The road knows nothing of the superstructure and its human freight.

It sees a motor car only as a machine—of whirling shafts, throbbing engine, vibrating springs and revolving wheels.

Nearest to it are the axles—dusty and mud-spattered, jarred up and down incessantly as first one wheel and then another strikes a bump or a hole.

If you are to ride in comfort and safety above, the axles must be built for the road below.

Think of that ton or more of dead weight pounding down and from side to side on the bearings and axle spindles.

Think of the strain on hubs and knuckles as your car struggles out of a deep rut or heavy sand.

Think of the sudden demand you make on the gears in your rear axle as you press the accelerator.

Get the road's point of view and you'll realize the importance of forging Timken steering knuckles of one solid piece of steel without a sharp curve or shoulder to invite a break.

You'll understand why Timken patiently grinds the little steering ball to a perfect sphere so there can be no looseness at any point to start the wear that leads to weakness.

You'll get the motive back of years spent by Timken engineers in perfecting a pressed-steel

rear axle housing that is light yet tremendously strong.

You'll understand the bigness of the engineering and manufacturing problems solved by Timken in order to give you brakes that will never fail to stop your car—not only when it's new, but after years of hard service.

And you'll appreciate the advantage to you of gears that are designed, ground, and installed to mathematical accuracy by axle specialists.

Timken gears work noiselessly in perfect mesh while the rear axle is being constantly pounded and buffeted by car above, and road beneath.

These are but a few of hundreds of points in good axle building. To really see your motor car as the road sees it, ask for the Timken Primer "On Axles," No. J-5. Sent free, post paid, with a copy of a book telling what cars have Timken Axles and Bearings.



THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Safe Deposit

An old lady, who was sitting on the porch of a hotel at Asheville, North Carolina, where also there were a number of youngsters, was approached by one of them with this query:

"Can you crack nuts?"

The old lady smiled and said: "No, my dear, I can't. I lost all my teeth years ago."

"Then," said the boy, extending two hands full of walnuts, "please hold these while I go and get some more."

—Harper's Monthly.

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

A LITTLE colored girl, a newcomer in Sunday school, gave her name to the teacher as "Fertilizer Johnson." Later the teacher asked the child's mother if that was right.

"Yes, ma'am, dat's her name," said the fond parent. "You see, she was named fer me and her father. Her father's name am Ferdinand and my name is Liza. So we named her Fertilizer."

—Boston Transcript.

"THEY say," remarked the spinster boarder, "that the woman who hesitates is lost."

"Lost is not the proper word for it," growled the fussy old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the table. "She's extinct."—Indianapolis Star.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Ultimate in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World.

The Forget-me-not of Gifts

HAVONE

HAVONE

A MAN hates to fumble—even for a cigarette. That's why he likes the Havone Cigarette Case. He likes the clean, orderly, free-from-mussiness that it brings to his cigarette-smoking.

No more fingered, crushed and broken cigarettes. In the new Havone Case each cigarette is upstanding in its own

compartment, clean and inviting—a joy to himself and a graceful compliment to his friends.

The Havone is as easily filled as the ordinary cigarette case.

Havone Cigarette Cases are made in Sterling Silver-plate, in Solid Sterling, 10K Gold and 14K Gold—Prices, \$3.50 up.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$3.50 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate, send us your name on a postcard for one of our handsome catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION
21-23 Maiden Lane New York

Dept. C

WILL ADVANCE EXPENSES

and pay straight weekly salary of \$18.00 to man or woman with fair education and good references. No canvassing. Staple line. Old-established firm.

G. M. NICHOLS, Pepper Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Only His Watch So Far

There is an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill several days ago and called a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving Dr. S. felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered feebly. "I hadn't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss."—Old Joke Book.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MISTRESS: Goodness, Bridget, where is our telephone?

BRIDGET: Mrs. Jones sent over, mum, askin' for the use av it, and I sint it over, but I had the devil's own toime gittin' it off the wall, mum.—Toledo Blade.

King George V
Whisky
The "TOP-NOTCH" Scotch
NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE

EXTRA QUALITY

DUNLAP & Co.
N. Y.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

**CELEBRATED
HATS**

Worn when the utmost
is demanded in
Style and Quality.

178-180 Fifth Ave. 181 Broadway
NEW YORK

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA
Agencies in all Principal Cities

A Toast

IT is the fortune of good versifiers to be appreciated before, and the misfortune of good poets to be appreciated after, their death.

It is the ill luck of war poets to be appreciated neither before nor after. Probably the present war has inspired some of the worst poetry ever written. There may, however, be saved from it some one thing worth while.

If so, here's to the author.

You, sir, are at present unknown, your lines have been overlooked. Be pleased to know, however, that posterity will not forget you. Your immortality is hereby assured. When you no longer know it, you shall meet with your reward.

ELLA: So they are finally divorced. Which one got the dogs and cats?

STELLA: She did. But he has the privilege of seeing them once a month.

Forget the Winter—Prepare
for Spring

Evans' Ale and Stout

will put new life into you.

1786 Bottles and Splits. All Good Dealers. C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y. 1916

Overlooked

WIFE: Mabel has just informed me that she is going to be married.

HUSBAND: Have you seen the young man?

"Not yet."

"Um! Considering that she is our daughter, don't you think she should have consulted us first?"

"But you must remember, dear, that the girls of to-day are so thoughtless!"

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic Powder to
Shake Into Your Shoes



"Oh! What
Rest and
Comfort"

and use in the Foot-Bath. Makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Nothing rests the feet so quickly and thoroughly. It takes the friction from the shoe, the sting out of Corns and Bunions and makes walking a delight. We have over 30,000 testimonials. Try it TO-DAY. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE, sent by mail. Address **ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.**



To the Man who would Stay Young

Ponce de Leon failed in his search—just as has everyone else who believed that the secret of youth lay in other than simply the conservation of the youth that Nature herself gives.

The secret of youth lies in making good, promptly and thoroughly, the many drains and overdraughts that modern ways of living impose upon the body cells—for the cells are the brick and mortar of the body structure. It lies in guarding and husbanding the finer strength of the nervous system, which overwork, worry and stress undermine.

It is in this work of conservation that Sanatogen has proven itself of such distinct merit. In rebuilding wasted

tissues, revitalizing starved cells, enriching blood and thus storing up health and energy against the passage of time. Sanatogen has been preeminently successful.

As Sir Gilbert Parker, the statesman-novelist, has written:

"Sanatogen is to my mind a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy, and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

And when you realize that more than 21,000 physicians have written—as they have—their approval of the use of Sanatogen, you can see for yourself that its reputation is founded not on theory but on actual results.

Let Sanatogen be the guardian of your youth!

Sanatogen is sold by good druggists, everywhere, in sizes from \$1.00 up.

Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913

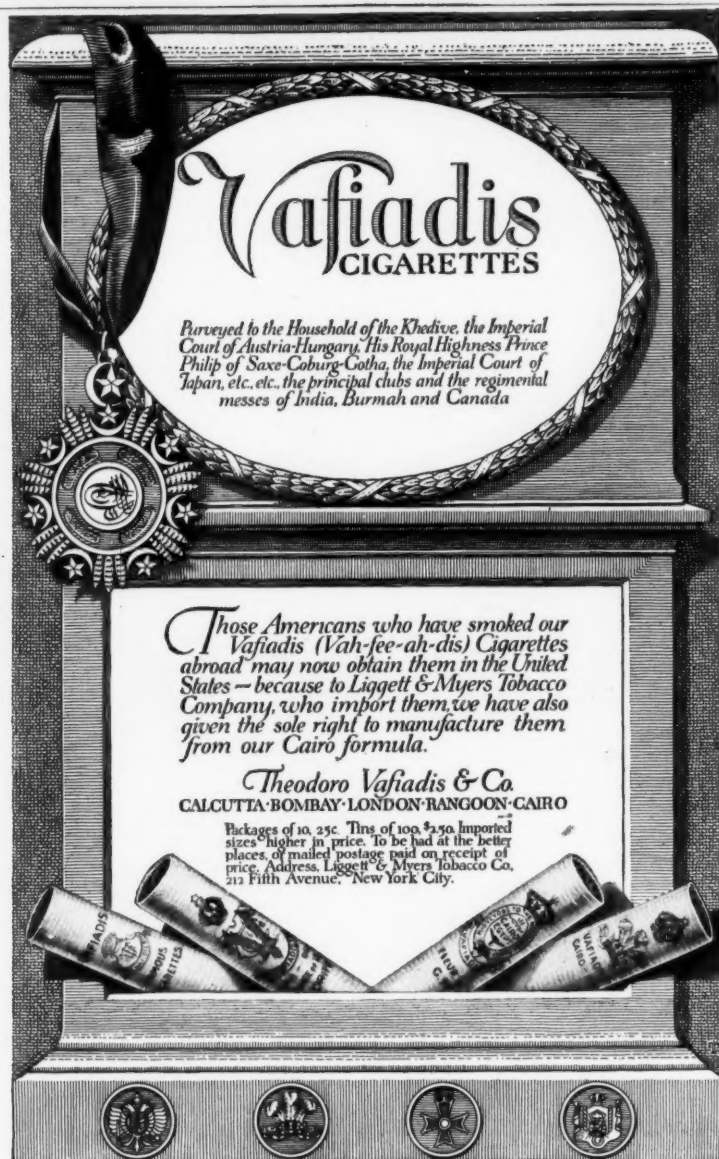


Sanatogen

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

Send for "The Art of Living," a charming booklet by Richard Le Gallienne, the popular poet-author, touching on Sanatogen's kindly help, and giving other interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. The book is free. Tear this off as a reminder to write

THE BAUER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 24 Irving Place, New York City,



Vafiadis CIGARETTES

Purveyed to the Household of the Khedive, the Imperial Court of Austria-Hungary, His Royal Highness Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Imperial Court of Japan, etc., etc., the principal clubs and the regimental messes of India, Burmah and Canada

Those Americans who have smoked our Vafiadis (Vah-fee-ah-dis) Cigarettes abroad may now obtain them in the United States—because to Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, who import them, we have also given the sole right to manufacture them from our Cairo formula.

Theodoro Vafiadis & Co.
CALCUTTA-BOMBAY-LONDON-RANGOON-CAIRO

Packages of 10, 25c. Tins of 100, \$2.50. Imported sizes higher in price. To be had at the better places, of mailed postage paid on receipt of price. Address: Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Waking Up

OUR estimable Secretary Josephus Daniels seems to have waked up to the idea of what the navy is for. It is a long way from that to efficiency, but, after all, it is the first step that costs.

There is a fine example for Mr. Daniels in the heroic measure lately taken by his friend Mr. Bryan to restore efficiency to the State Department.

Garage \$69.50

10 x 12 "Steelcase" Edwards ready-to-use garage, \$69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
330-350 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.



The best doctor on earth is Moderation.

In every walk of life you will find the healthiest, brainiest men are Moderate men—just the kind of men we want for customers.

That's why we make the mildest, mellowest, purest Whiskey on the market—for the Moderate man—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 E. 31st St., N. Y. That's All!



"The Beau Brummell"

A well-set up appearance betokens success in business and social affairs. You can acquire it by wearing

THE FIGURE MOLD

to preserve a good form or remedy a faulty one.

The Beau Brummell for Slender Men

The Beauty Mold for Slender Women will instantly line up and perfect an already good form.

The Magic Figure Mold for Men and Women secures a reduction of two to four inches over abdomen, seat, and thighs, and on the inner as well as outer side of limbs, without one moment's delay, diet, or discomfort of any kind.

An Absolutely New Method

These garments cause no heat, are scientifically correct, carry weight, relieve strain, improve facial expression, stimulate circulation, benefit health, and beautify the figure. Have no injurious qualities and remain in place.

Endorsed By Physicians and Surgeons

We make them to individual measure in varying lengths for men and women and sell them direct. Write for illustrated booklet with full description.

Positively the Only Figure Mold in Existence

Foreign and domestic patents granted and pending.

FIGURE MOLD GARMENT COMPANY K-54 Spahr Building
50 East Broad St., Columbus, O.

First Aid

OFFICER OF THE GUARD: You say you found a man bleeding and groaning from a wound in the head, and that you cured him with a tourniquet.

PRIVATE MULDOON: Yis, sorr. Oi put th' tourniquet around his neck, an' after twistin' it a couple av minutes, be jabers, there wasn't another groan out av him.

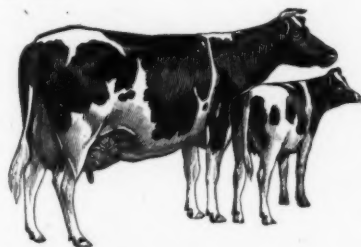
IT takes the ingenuity of genius to apologize for its follies.

Purebred Holstein Cattle for the Practical Dairyman

The breed of cows that produces upwards of one hundred pounds of milk a day is the breed the practical dairyman wants on his farm, or at his country home.

Holstein cattle have broken every record in the systematic production of milk and butter, and there are many individuals of the breed that are daily yielding over a hundred pounds of milk.

Holstein cows are larger and more vigorous than the cows of any other breed,—they are more easily cared for, less susceptible to tuberculosis and other bovine diseases, and when the milking days are over, they are far more economical for converting into beef. There's pleasure and profit for you in purebred registered Holsteins. Investigate the big "Black-and-Whites." Let us send you our free literature.



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
F. L. HOUGHTON, Secretary
30-B American Building BRATTLEBORO, VT.

Books Received

Is Conscience an Emotion? by Hastings Rashdall. (Houghton Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Meditations on Votes for Women, by Samuel McChord Crothers. (Houghton Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Good Stories for Great Holidays, by Frances Jenkins Olcott. (Houghton Mifflin Co., 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

With Sabre and Scalpel, by John Allan Wyeth. (Harper & Bros. \$3.00.)

California, an Intimate History, by Gertrude Atherton. (Harper & Bros. \$2.00.)

The Fringes of the Fleet, by Rudyard Kipling. (Doubleday, Page & Co. 50c.)

Life and Gabriella, by Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.)

Within the Tides, by Joseph Conrad. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.)

Songs of the Streets and Byways, by William Herschell. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.00.)

Instant Bunion Relief Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for 67,532 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you a treatment free, entirely at my expense. I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields, or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send you a treatment absolutely FREE. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and treatment will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO.

3502 West 26th Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Shocking System

"WHAT do you charge for reducing my weight?"

"Fifty dollars a treatment."

"That's horrible."

"But that's a part of the treatment."



1775

1916

We Are Prepared

Within the wide boundaries of our country, embracing more than three million square miles, dwell a hundred million people.

They live in cities, towns, villages, hamlets and remote farms. They are separated by broad rivers, rugged mountains and arid deserts.

The concerted action of this far-flung population is dependent upon a common understanding. Only by a quick, simple and unfailing means of intercommunication could our people be instantly united in any cause.

In its wonderful preparedness to inform its citizens of a national need, the United States stands alone and unequalled. It can command the entire Bell Telephone System, which

completely covers our country with its network of wires.

This marvelous system is the result of keen foresight and persistent effort on the part of telephone specialists, who have endeavored from the first to provide a means of communication embracing our whole country, connecting every state and every community, to its last individual unit.

The Bell System is a distinctly American achievement, made by Americans for Americans, and its like is not to be found in all the world.

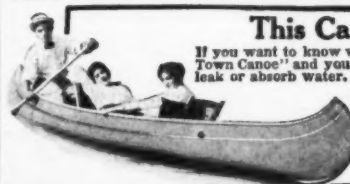
Through it, our entire population may be promptly organized for united action in any national movement, whether it be for peace, prosperity, philanthropy or armed protection.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

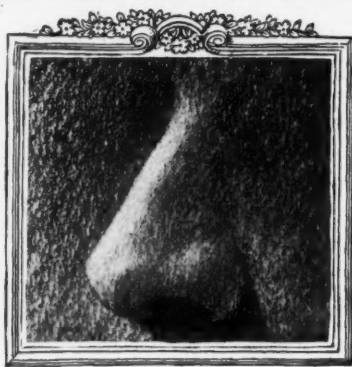


This Canoe Brings a Summer Full of Fun

If you want to know what pleasure canoeing is—get an "Old Town." \$30 up will buy an "Old Town Canoe" and you can't beat it at any price. It's safe, graceful and easy to paddle; won't leak or absorb water. 6000 "Old Town Canoes" ready. Easy to buy from dealer or factory. Send for catalog of canoe views and facts.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., 1533 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

"Old Town Canoes"



Conspicuous nose pores

How to reduce them

Complexions otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

In such cases the small muscular fibres of the nose have become weakened and do not keep the pores closed as they should be. Instead, these pores collect dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

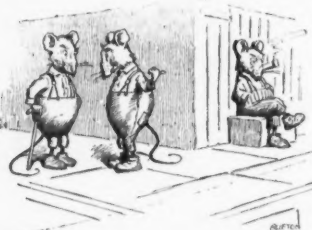
To reduce these enlarged pores: Wring a cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes with a lump of ice.

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment with it strengthens the muscular fibres so they can contract properly. But do not expect to change in a week a condition resulting from years of neglect. Use this treatment *persistently*. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere throughout the United States and Canada.

Write today for sample—For 4c we will send a "week's size" cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 2524 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2524 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**



"THAT FELLOW HASN'T DONE A LICK OF WORK FOR WEEKS AND WEEKS."
"CAN'T HE FIND ANY?"
"YES. BUT HE'S TOO PARTICULAR. HE WANTS TO WORK IN A CHEESE FACTORY."

In the Sunny South

(Continued from page 490)

that he had had his morning gargle. It means that he had been in the habit of taking a particular poison every day since he was a boy, beginning with a small dose, and gradually increasing it until his system was used to it and he could take a good long drink without any ill effects. In this way he could drink out of the same glass as the other man and be all right when the other man was cold. It is a useful thing to do, and is the natural result of centuries of civilization. The people in this country don't practice forethought anything like so much as they might.

"I don't know whether you have ever heard that there are certain poisons that neutralize each other. It is so, anyhow, and when Marco, who had also 'taken his poison' had slipped his white powder into the glass unobserved, the two poisons mixed, and the result was a beverage not half so deadly as the whisky they sell in this country. Risotto and Marco drank the loving cup together, with many fulsome compliments and good wishes for future happiness, and then sat quietly swapping anecdotes and waiting for the other one to die.

"I dare say you have often kept a death-watch like that yourself. It happens every now and then that you fall into the hands of one of those awful persons who talk, and talk, and talk, and you can do nothing but wait for him to



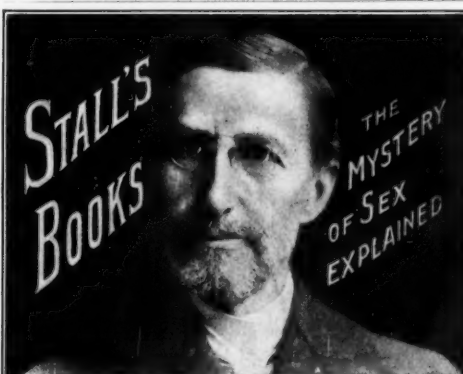
**CRÈME
YVETTE**
(Pronounced E-yet)
"For Smart Desserts"

IN these days of sameness about desserts, the smart hostess will turn with relief to the dainty, violet-tasting, violet-coloured, Creme Yvette kind. Delightful for luncheons, teas and dinners—in charlottes, ices, sorbets and jellies.

Creme Yvette is sold at 80c and \$1.50 per bottle, at fancy grocers and wine dealers.

Book of signed recipes by well-known Chefs sent free. Write today.

SHEFFIELD COMPANY
7th Ave., at 14th St.
New York



The dawning consciousness of sex that tingles in the youth and maiden awakens new mysterious sensations, and many a promising life, uninstructed, has been blighted because of the lack of proper information that these books so cleanly and wisely give.

4 BOOKS TO MEN. By Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

What a Young Boy Ought to Know.

What a Young Man Ought to Know.

What a Young Husband Ought to Know.

What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

4 BOOKS TO WOMEN. By Mrs. Mary Wood Allen, M.D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

What a Young Girl Ought to Know.

What a Young Woman Ought to Know.

What a Young Wife Ought to Know.

What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know.

Price, \$1.00 per copy, post free. Send for table of contents.
Vir Publishing Co., 383 Church Bldg., 15th & Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

die. But such people never die, and after a time you begin to feel murderous.

"Risotto and Marco sat there a long time, anxiously looking for the first sign of dissolution to appear, until finally their nerves gave way under the strain. No man can stand a disappointment like that forever, and after about two hours Risotto gave a wild scream and went for Marco with his knife. Marco was ready for him, and they both got home. After the funerals Lucia went into a convent, and I married Carlotta, and that is how I happen to know all about it.

"What's that you say? You think Carlotta may have exaggerated a bit!

There is no substitute for the man who smokes **Rameses Cigarettes**. He himself will tell you so. He finds no satisfaction in any other cigarette when he happens to be out of his special brand.

It's as if there were a **Rameses Club**—an informal organization of men who are loyal to **Rameses Cigarettes**. They wear no emblem. They have their loyalty only as a common bond.

They smoke only **Rameses**, "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes," because they find in no other brand the full flavor and distinctive aroma that **Rameses** alone possesses.

No man who once becomes a member of this Club ever leaves it.

Which is another way of saying: "Nobody ever changes from **Rameses**."

Why, if you knew what I have been through since I married Carlotta, you would call it a milk-and-water story. It may sound exaggerated in a dead country like this, but it is the sort of thing that could happen any day in the sunny South."

A Modern Venus

IF a girl could have the neat ankles of the hosiery ads and the trim waist of the corset ads and the hair of the grower ads and the teeth of the toothpowder ads and the complexion of the cold cream ads—wouldn't she be a wonder?

What would she do for a heart?

She wouldn't need a heart or a brain; we could give her the emotions of the heroines in the best-seller ads.

A Single Thought with How Many Souls?

ACCORDING to the Theosophists—the most successful of all the latter-day philosophers in applying beautiful words to the confusion of thought—each of us has two souls: a psychic soul and a poetic soul. The psychic soul we possess in common with the animals, while the poetic is reserved for human beings only.

And why shouldn't we have two souls or more? One in common with the birds, for instance, and one in common with the fishes and one with the minerals and one with the vegetables? There is hardly any limit to the number of souls we can have if we set out with a good vocabulary and a ready imagination. Perhaps they think there is too much soullessness to trust us with too many all at once. Let us agree, therefore, to let it go at two until further notice, and let us make appropriate corrections all along the line, such as, four souls with but a single thought, etc.

May We Send You This Book?



Enjoy This Summer at Virginia Hot Springs

It would be difficult to find a more delightful spot to take a vacation than at the Homestead. No other resort offers so many advantages at such a reasonable price.

Situated 2500 feet above sea level. Seldom is there a hot day. No mosquitoes, humidity or dampness, so customary in mountain resorts. Here is a more ideal summer climate than is to be found at Bar Harbor, Newport or the White Mountains. Open all the year. Excellent train accommodations. Easily accessible.

The Famous Healing Waters

Naturally heated—104°—out rivaling as a cure the celebrated spas of Europe—the *Spout Bath* famous for *Rheumatism, Gout and Nervous Diseases*. Modern and complete Bath Equipment, Swedish Gymnastics, Massage and Hot Air Treatments—Physicians of international reputation—Experienced and careful attendants. Essentially the place for *rest or recuperation*.

The Homestead Book

A lifelike photographic description of the Homestead and its surroundings in natural colors—with views of the 2 sporty golf courses, 7 perfect clay tennis courts and other interesting features. It tells of the 500 rooms—excellent cuisine—incomparable drinking water—attractive ballroom—fascinating drives—interesting trails and bridle paths—200 saddle and driving horses at the command of guests—perfect equipment and service. *This book should be read by everyone looking for an ideal summer resort. We will gladly send you a copy upon request.*

H. ALBERT, Resident Manager, Hot Springs, Va.

Booking Offices:—Ritz-Carlton Hotels, New York—Philadelphia

Delightfully
Cool
In Summer
Average
Temperature
About
74°



The Muzzling Humbug

The idea of muzzling dogs in order to prevent the spread of rabies has become a sort of fetish in the minds of various city, county and state officials. We have watched, as a practicing physician, for over forty years, for a case of hydrophobia and have failed to find it. As a humanitarian we have had control of public dog-kennels, involving many tens of thousands of dogs, and have failed to find a case of rabies. We are free to confess that we believe that such a disease exists. It is simply rare and unusual, and silly-pated public officials have been keeping the public stirred up over the question of hydrophobia, we believe, in a very unjustifiable way.

In the first place the muzzling of dogs is cruel and ineffective. A dog perspires only through his mouth, and needs to have the use of that in hot weather in order to live at all. Superintendent Freel, of the American S. P. C. A., of New York City, recently made an affi-

Seat Cover Prices Down 50%

Give your car that touch of refinement, luxury and distinction added to any car by Globe Seat Covers. Don't pay high prices or have Seat Covers made to order. Globe Seat Cover prices are actually 50% lower than all others—50% less for Seat Covers guaranteed equal in every way to the highest priced kind.

Buy Direct—Save Half

Here are examples of how we undersell others: \$40 Chalmers Seat Covers \$20; \$50 Hudsons \$25; \$40 Cadillacs \$20; \$20 Buicks \$15; \$27 Maxwells \$13.50. Other cars at proportionately low prices. We sell direct—you save middlemen's profit.

Every Car Needs Them!

Save leather upholstery—preserve its life, elasticity, comfort. Easily cleaned—protect clothes against soiling.

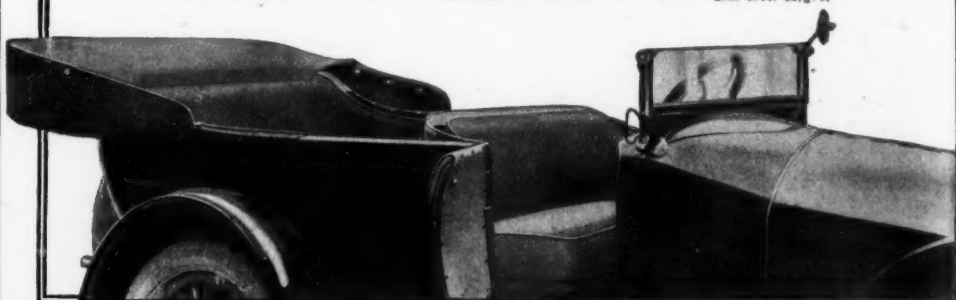
Perfect Fit For Any Car

Globe Seat Covers are made from correct patterns. No waiting—no alterations—no mistakes. We guarantee a perfect fit for any model of any car.

Write For Samples

Send name, model and year of your car for prices and 15 samples of waterproof and washable materials with handsome Seat Cover Book. When you order we will ship on approval—you pay if satisfied.

GLOBE SEAT COVER CO., 33 Hamilton Ave., Racine, Wis. *World's Largest Exclusive Seat Cover Mfrs.*



Don't you sometimes wish that you, yourself, could play the music that you love?



YOU hear it at the Opera, the Concert, at some dance or other social function—perhaps you hear it played by some mechanical instrument—it echoes in your mind, you find yourself humming it; but you have no way to give expression to your musical instincts.

The Angelus Piano

Was just made for you

IF you could rub Aladdin's Lamp you could not more perfectly satisfy your desire.

The ANGELUS provides the marvelous facilities that need only the TOUCH of one who FEELS THE MUSIC, to bring it from the singing strings of the piano.

There is no puzzling among notes and keys—the Angelus does all that for you; but the entire ARTISTIC CONTROL—the delightful retards, the soft touches of the tender strains, or the swelling power of the higher notes and the sharp, crisp, bell-like

tones—depends entirely upon the feeling and the desire of the performer who plays upon the Angelus.

If you ever desire to play REAL MUSIC YOURSELF, you will be delighted to know about the Angelus Piano.

WRITE TODAY for handsomely illustrated booklet, that will tell you about the marvelous facilities that distinguish the Angelus, and also learn where you can see and hear the instrument itself. Use the COUPON below.

The Wilcox & White Co. Meriden Conn. USA

Tear off this Coupon

The Wilcox & White Co. Meriden Conn. USA Please send me Illustrated Booklet about **The Angelus Piano** and the name of Angelus dealer nearest my home:

Name _____

Address _____

B

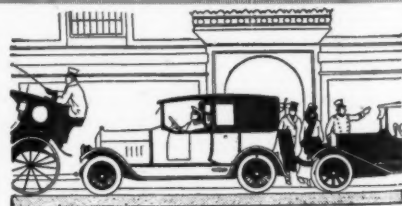
davit that the employees of his Society who have had charge of dog license work in Greater New York during the last twenty years have received, approximately, thirty thousand dog bites, without a single case of hydrophobia resulting, and yet Commissioners of Agriculture and public health officers in American cities are worrying people to the point of insanity lest the bite of their family dog should produce hydrophobia and result in a horrible death. We cannot escape the conviction that the attitude of these officials in regard to this matter is unscientific, unreasonable and unjustifiable.

—Dr. Wm. C. Stillman in *National Humane Review*.

Diplomatic Fashions

KNICKER: What are the prevailing policies?

BOCKER: Frightfulness and writfulness.—*New York Sun*.



The BILTMORE

Where the social life of New York centers by day and evening



CLOSE
TO ALL THEATRES
AND SHOPS



The stamp placed over end seals the package, which keeps out air, thereby preserving the quality of the blended tobaccos. By inserting the fingers as illustrated, the stamp easily breaks without tearing the tin foil, which folds back into its place.



Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages, 20 for 10c; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton for \$1.00. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel!

CAMEL cigarettes are new to your taste!

And when you get that *combined* flavor of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos you'll realize you like Camels better than either kind of tobacco smoked straight! You never put a more delightful cigarette between your lips. They are to be compared point for point with any cigarette at any price. You do not look for or expect premiums or coupons!

You certainly deserve the satisfaction of knowing the unusual enjoyment that Camel cigarettes offer any man who will invest 10c to find out what's back of this expression of confidence!

Camels are not only *new* to your taste—*new* in mellow-mildness, *new* in desirable "body," *new* in absence of bite, throat-parch or any unpleasant cigarette after-taste, but *new* in their refreshing satisfaction that permits you to smoke them liberally without a kick-back! Camels *will not* tire the fussiest cigarette appetite!

The expert blend of choice Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camels will give you a new understanding of cigarette enjoyment!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camel

CIGARETTES



- at good places
you don't need to
mention the name
Just ask for
the best cigarette

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here